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THE
COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS
OF THE LATE
MISS LUCY HOOPER.

" Freed soul of song! yes, thou hast found the sought;
" Borne to thy home of beauty and of thought,
" On morning's wings.
" And we will dream it is *thy* joy we hear,
" When life's young music ringing far and clear,
" O'erflows the sky."—*Mrs. Hemans.*



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PREFACE.

IN compliance with the wishes of many friends of Miss LUCY HOOPER, this book has been collected and arranged, that all who feel any interest in the varied musings and earnest thoughts of the gifted ones of earth, to whom are given that heavenly beauty, "the immortal charm of a high genius, the fairy gift of the divining rod, that can unseal the living fountains of the heart, and call

"Bright thoughts, like angel
"Ministers, to soothe the weary hour."

To these readers we present the "POETICAL WORKS" of one whose loveliness and worth is so deeply engraven on the hearts of all to whom she was known; whose memory is like the sweet fragrance of the morning flower—a spell, to charm the weary hours—a bright radiance to illumine our pathway.

Brief was thy sojourn here, lovely one! Thy spirit's wing was ever soaring upward from this dim earth to the bright regions of light and love; and now thou art rejoicing to be thus early called—

"Thou art gone home!
"Oh! early crowned and blest.
"Thy mind was as a harp that God had tuned
"For his own ear alone, and not on earth
"Might its perfected harmony be breathed."

Some of the pieces in the second part of this volume have never been published—a few only in one or two local newspapers, and therefore we trust they will be new to many. The greater number of them were written at a very early age. Miss HOOPER had put aside many of these Poems for improvement and correction, that they might not be published until they could appear in a more finished and graceful form. At the same time, she destroyed others, lest they might, through the *partiality* of misjudging friends, come out (as she used to say) *to her utter confusion*.

These early productions are interesting, for they speak the natural language of the heart. There are also unfinished pieces and fragments, which it was thought might add interest to the book. One or two poetical effusions are copied from Mr. Riker's "Book of Poetry and Flowers," which was edited by Miss HOOPER a few months before her death.

Miss HOOPER's prose writings have never yet been collected and published in a volume, excepting a few tales, entitled "*Scenes from Real Life*." When arranged for publication they will make two volumes, one of Tales and Essays, another Religious and Moral Stories, for juvenile readers.

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MEMOIR
OF
MISS LUCY HOOPER.

OUR American literature has already presented to the student the names of several writers, who at an unusually early age have manifested abilities of a high order, and who after a brief but brilliant career have sunk into their early graves, victims, too often, to severe study, or having worn out their physical energies by excessive intellectual excitement. The names of Brainard, and of the two Davidsons, suggest themselves at once to the reader, and particularly the latter, as exemplifying in a painful degree the effects of strong mental excitability (exhibiting itself in the poetic fervor of inspiration) upon the corporeal frame; and recall vividly the beautiful lines of Byron upon the death of Kirke White, dying

“ when life was in its spring
“ And his young muse first spread her joyous wing.”

The circumstances which have made the lives of these eminent persons so interesting and attractive to the student, contribute, in like manner, a charm to our recollections of the amiable and beloved girl whose literary remains are here collected. Called away from the scenes which she loved and

adorned, at an age when her fame was ripening with the admiration of the learned and judicious; and when the rich talents, which until lately she could only be prevailed on to exercise in secret, had attracted a large share of public attention; from which, however, with the modesty of true genius, she was ever too much disposed to shrink. She has left behind her a legacy of intellectual wealth and christian example that cannot fail of its due effect upon the heart and mind of her survivors.

LUCY HOOPER was born in Newburyport, Massachusetts, on the fourth of February, 1816, and was the fourth daughter of Mr. Joseph Hooper.

Her father was a highly respectable merchant, who yet found leisure from the cares and anxieties of business, to devote an occasional moment to literature; and being a man not only of strong intellect, but of considerable cultivation; and withal of a decidedly religious temper; found at once his highest duty, and his most grateful occupation, in the superintendence of his daughter's nurture and education. A justifiable pride too, in the early indications which she gave, of unusual ability, tended to make this superintendence as much a matter of grateful pleasure as of duty; and found its most fitting reward in the uniform docility, and winning sweetness, as well as rapid development of his interesting pupil. Her own sense of her obligations to this judicious and affectionate parent was often acknowledged by her after his death; and it is a touching commentary upon the lives of both of them, as well as the highest reward, in a certain sense, of such devotion, that almost her last request, (to her weeping relatives and friends,) when about to follow him to the tomb, was that whatever merit might be discovered in her writings, should be ascribed, where, under Providence, she deemed it to be most justly due; to the untiring care and unremitting counsels of her father.

Closely retired within the bosom of the family circle, and mingling no farther with the world than the usual courtesies of society required, few opportunities were presented in early life for the development of the peculiar talents of our lamented friend. The circumstances of her family (equally removed from the splendor which too often vitiates talent, by devoting its impulses to unworthy or insufficient ends, and the hindrances with which straitened means impede and retard improvement, by compelling the mind to ungrateful repose) afforded her at once the opportunity for study and the means of improvement. These she was so far from neglecting, that it was rather necessary to restrain her inclination to study, than to incite her to mental exertion. She herself was apparently unconscious of her own powers, and accustomed in all things to be reverently guided by the counsels of one in whom she trusted with the confident affection of a child; and it is perhaps on this account as much as any other, that the recollections of her early life are more meagre than usually happens in the case of one of such eminent talent. It may be remarked however, as another instance of the fatality that appears to belong to unusual intellectual power, that her health from infancy was exceedingly precarious. From the first, like many a child of genius, who has early sunk into its "laurel-crowned tomb," she was a tender and fragile flower; though we are not aware that she yet gave any particular cause to apprehend an early termination of her earthly career, even to the watchful and affectionate eyes of her relatives. It is not to be doubted, however, that the seeds of the treacherous and insidious malady to which she finally fell a victim, were early implanted in her system, and were fostered into the strength that finally overwhelmed her, by the irrepressible yearnings of a mind, ever on the stretch, to observe, to investigate, to learn. Nor can we avoid the admonition which

her early death conveys to those who have the charge of youth; and which teaches us that even the capacities, which it is our duty to improve, and the powers which God has not conferred to be wasted in idleness, are to be exercised under the restraints which the law of human infirmity and weakness imposes on all the creatures of clay; and that these frail bodies (the tabernacles in which we dwell for a season) may be as easily impaired and worn away, by the powerful working of the intellect, as by the attacks of sharp disease, in any of the many forms in which it is the lot of mortals to suffer.

When she had attained her fifteenth year the family removed to Brooklyn, Long Island, and that city continued to be her residence until her death. She had now reached an age at which her faculties were fast ripening, and the increased intercourse with the world and her fellows which she now enjoyed, enlarged at once the sphere of her observation, and the circle of her sympathies. It may be readily supposed that her new residence, in the immediate neighborhood of the metropolis of the Union, and close vicinity with the theatre of whatever stirring events the times produced, had its natural tendency to excite into strong and vivid action all the energies of her mind; and contributed naturally to the development of whatever was peculiar to her character. Up to this period her history is but the story of a young life of unsullied purity; a tale of home affections, consecrated in the hearts of all survivors, and encircling in their sweet embrace the domestic hearth. Her hours were

“Bright from the sunny hues of youth alone—

“Gay from its unstirred sympathies”—

Death of the Fair Pilgrim.

Now she began to give definite form to the many colored imaginings which had heretofore been confined to her own

bosom. Gentle, quiet, and reverent as she had always been, the fountains of poetry had hitherto flowed in secret, and all her thoughts, pent up in her heart—

“amid the flowers

“Of a glad home, grew beautiful.”

But now she sought to give vent to the “thoughts that breathed” within her, and to paint all her feelings in “burning words,” bubbling up from the deep well springs of her soul,

“crowning

“Her life with all the flower wreaths of hope,

“And the sweet buds of feeling.”

She had from infancy manifested a singular fondness for flowers, and a remarkable sensibility to the charms of natural scenery. These inclinations had led her to take great delight in botany, and as an aid in her general study of this delightful science, she also devoted much attention to chemistry. She had also acquired a knowledge of the French, Spanish and Latin languages, and was remarkably well versed in classic English literature. Her historical reading was also extensive, and her habits of orderly application had naturally tended to store her mind with much valuable information; while the spirit of the authors in whom she especially delighted, those “pure wells of English undefiled,” had clothed her style with that purity and strength of diction which placed her early productions in the same rank of excellence with the efforts of the mass of much maturer minds.

Shortly after the removal of the family to the city of Brooklyn Miss Hooper became an occasional contributor to the columns of the “Long Island Star,” under the simple initials of L. H.

Her contributions to this journal (though for a long time unavowed by her, and therefore unprotected from criticism by the considerate indulgence which the tender years of their author would have so naturally bespoken) were greatly admired and widely copied; and procured for her signature a considerable reputation among the readers of that respectable journal. Of course these early efforts had not the same order of merit as the latter productions of her muse; but one cannot help being struck with the melody of her versification, as well as the precocious strength and nervousness of her expression. The love of the gentle and beautiful, a true poetic sympathy with all the cravings and weaknesses of humanity, an earnest longing for that state of perfect being that dwells ever in the heart of the poet, an irrepressible aversion to wrong and oppression in every form, and a strong aspiration toward the good, the free, the beautiful, the just, run through all these earlier efforts of her muse, and stamped them with a peculiar character of unity, directness and simplicity.

Simple in construction, while elevated in tendency, facile of comprehension, because of their truth to the natural impulses of goodness out of which they spring, they contain none of those

“Weeds of dark luxuriance, tares of hate

“Rank at the core, but tempting to the eye,

“Flowers whose wild odors breathe but agonies,

“And trees whose gums are poison!”

but rather as she has herself beautifully said in her verses on the “Death of the Fair Pilgrim;”

“Household tones,

“Sweet words of kindness—visions of that time,

“When first amid her home’s loved halls, her heart

“Woke to a knowledge of the truth.”

She had been educated by her parents in the peculiar tenets of the Episcopal Church, to which denomination of professing Christians her family had always been attached. At first, her own attachment to this form of faith was the result of habit ; but hers was not a mind to be satisfied on so momentous a subject without inquiry. The solemn ritual of the church, its imposing ceremonial, its venerable antiquity, and its sublime liturgy, failed not to have their natural effect upon a mind so thoroughly alive to the moral beauty and exquisite fitness of its service to the true ends of religious observance ; but these, by the superficial mind, might be regarded merely as human devices, of no binding authority ; claiming rather our admiration for their beauty, than our reverent acceptance for their high sanction. She was therefore led to seek a reason for the faith that was in her ; and prompted to the inquiry by the love of truth, and guided, as we are fain to believe, by the spirit of piety ; wisely distrusting the rashness of human wisdom, and eschewing all "vain questionings" of the revealed will of God, which have led astray so many great minds, by a rash reliance upon mere reason in things that are beyond its ken : she was at length able, under the blessing of Heaven upon her anxious and earnest endeavors, to discover in the church in which she had been educated, the "faith once given to the saints ;" and to yield the ready obedience of conviction to doctrines which the bent of her education, and all her early habits and sympathies had endeared to her soul.

Her mind, thus become entirely settled as to the peculiar form of faith, we find the pious aspirations of her soul breathing forth more freely than before in the effusions of her pen ; and though these were never devoted to the inculcation of any peculiar opinions in religion, we can discern in them the calm consciousness of ascertained truth, and a sentiment of philo-

sophic reliance upon reasonable conviction, that add sensible force to the ideas she conveys in her verse. For, though we are far from asserting that there are no true poets who have neither been subdued in heart by any sense of religion, nor yielded to some form of religious belief, we cannot avoid the conclusion, drawn not merely from the history of Miss Hooper's mind, but in an equal degree from the case of others who have acquired reputation in letters, that the possession of a strong and well grounded faith, as regards the momentous concerns of the "untried future," tends naturally to the strengthening of the soul in other and lesser concerns; communicates energy to the thoughts, directness to the purposes, and power to their expression. Certainly this effect was eminently observable in Miss Hooper's case; for though her whole life was pure, and her mind in its earliest manifestations showed, as well its native resources as lofty impulses: yet, after her public profession of faith, we discern in the efforts of her muse a still stronger heaven-ward yearning; a more vigorous expression of her thoughts, and a more earnest pleading of the affections. Her musings are oftener of things sacred; are more seldom the effusions of mere sentiment. She loves the flowers of the field no less; but in their beauty and variety she now recognizes more clearly and directly the hand of God's Providence. She is now no less alive to all the wonders and beauties of nature; but she more habitually and uniformly looks up from them to nature's God. Accordingly, a large part of her latter productions are upon sacred subjects; paraphrases of some portions of sacred history; or the tale of her own emotions on witnessing some affecting ceremony of the Church.

Her lines entitled "The Queen's Petition," the "Daughter of Hefodias," and those written "after witnessing the administration of the rite of confirmation in March, 1840," are speci-

mens, as well of increased power in composition, as of the now prevailing cast of her sentiments.

In addition to the compositions in verse, upon which Miss Hooper's fame principally rests, she was the author of many prose articles of a high order of merit, though altogether unambitious in their character and design. Without alluding to these in detail, it will suffice for the purposes of this brief Memoir of her Life, to mention her beautiful volume entitled "Scenes from Real Life," published in 1840, and the Essay upon "Domestic Happiness," published in the volume bearing that name, and which obtained, deservedly, the prize offered by the editor of that valuable compilation; as giving a fair sample of her powers in this department of composition.

In the perusal of her remains in prose, we notice the same womanly tastes, refined by high cultivation, and devoted to the noblest purposes, which charm us in her poetry. It teaches while it entertains us, and seems to attract the reader towards purity of life, not so much by portraying the hideousness of vice, as by dwelling on the loveliness of virtue. She paints domestic scenes not in the gaudy colors of romance, but in the sober yet cheerful light of truth: we feel, as we read, that she draws from the life; and while she tells her story in such natural and apt language that we are persuaded of its reality, we find ourselves yielding our souls willingly to the gracious impulses which directed her pen, as they characterized her life. Her prose writings are all dictated by an earnest desire to benefit her own sex: and all denote that lively sensibility, that quick emotion, that felicity of expression, and those pure and womanly thoughts, that live and breathe in her poetry. Indeed they are themselves poetic in all but the form, and such is the harmony of her style, and the purity of her diction, that we are sometimes struck with the idea that it is nervous and polished verse we are

reading. In fact, verse was the natural and spontaneous utterance of her feelings : never an effort to her mind, but a sort of recreation : an irrepressible impulse. She appeared to *think* in verse ; and she uttered what she thought as she thought it. This was evident in her habits of composition. She very reluctantly submitted to the drudgery of correction, and rarely revised her writings. She elaborated nothing ; and was wont to think the first expression of her thought, its best exponent. A remarkably quick and exact ear, and a fund of happy illustration and rich imagery, drawn from the best source, (the contemplation of nature's works,) enabled her to indulge this mode of composition without prejudice to her literary reputation. In early life, while she yet enjoyed the advantage of her father's counsel and guidance, she acknowledged that she was indebted to him for pruning the redundancies into which young minds, so active and buoyant as hers, are naturally betrayed ; and it is probably on this account that her earliest compositions are quite as free from faulty and redundant construction as her later ones. Of course there is not the same strength in those as in these, the same ripeness of intellect, the same breadth and completeness ; and it is only in these, the higher attributes of mind, that we perceive a difference between them.

We have already alluded to the devotional tone of her compositions, which, evident enough in the earliest of them, became more and more strongly marked as she advanced in years, and finally impressed itself with great vividness upon them as their predominant characteristic after her public profession. Not less remarkable, when we consider the whole tenor of her life, and all the manifestations of her womanly temper, is the masculine strength of her pen. She never trifles with a theme or falters in her song. Her mind appears to have been possessed with the subject that engages her pen, singly and without hinderance.

She betrays no hesitations, no doubts. She utters her thoughts as one who knows their truthfulness and has ascertained their foundation. She seldom speculates, but often demonstrates. Even in her merely sentimental poetry, she indulges in none of the allowable extravagancies of imagination, but deals with the realities of feeling; and one is persuaded, not that the poet dreams of unreal fancies, but relates tangible verities. Therefore she carries our hearts with her as she writes; and whether her musings be of the loving youth, or the devoted maiden, of the false knight, or the despairing ladye, we are persuaded that she utters truth, though under the guise of fiction: and when, waking a loftier strain, and tuning her harp to diviner themes, she presents in numbers the stories of Holy Writ—always majestic, and often awful in their sublimity, we feel that a new idea is presented to our mind, a new train of thought awakened, that our perceptions have received a fresher light, and our faith, if possible, a new strength.

Another characteristic of her mind that breathes in her poetry, is the exceeding gentleness and refinement, even beyond the usual allowance of her sex, that shone in her life, and illuminated all her walk and conversation. Herein we discern a spirituality about her character, which endears her memory in the hearts of all survivors. A more thoroughly unselfish person, or one more unenvious, we have not known. The charity which "vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly," was not more eminently characteristic of her muse, than present as a governing principle of her life. She could not but be conscious of great power; and in the latter years of her life the evidences of public esteem from the learned and eminent of the land were continually thrust before her observation: yet how meekly she bore her many honors, with what a gentle observance of the rights and claims of others, with how meek

a charity of their inferiority, and with what a womanly modesty she ever received their applauses of herself! Writing not so much to attract the applause of the world, as to give utterance to the deep emotions of her strong woman's heart, and shrinking ever with maidenly sensitiveness from notice; she is always ready at the cause of suffering virtue or oppressed weakness to affront the world's censure, while she declines its approbation—so that whatever about us is “seemly and of good report,” never fails to sympathize with and approve her. Winning us by her modest demeanor, and subduing us by her truth, she presents to our contemplation a singularly happy combination of gentleness and energy, that conquers at once our judgment and affections.

It is a somewhat remarkable fact, that all who have in early life passed away to the tomb, after a brief but brilliant career of usefulness or talent, have stamped upon their remains an apprehensive character of sadness and melancholy, that seems, after the event, to foreshadow in prophetic spirit their early doom. The very earnestness, though not exaggerated yet ample, with which they seem to discover and apprehend all the beautiful scenes of life; their strong humanity, their trusting love, their touching heart-sympathy with all the various forms of beauty that greet the eye, in the gay flowers of the field, the cheering song of birds, the bland spring, and the fruitful autumn; and their enthusiastic enjoyment of whatever blessings God vouchsafes to man in his earthly career, would seem to be typical to them of their threatening loss. And thus we find them all, falling as it were by an impulse of their nature, into a saddened and subdued train of thought and expression, mindful in their brightest moments of enjoying rapture, of the vanity of the present. To the dark unfathomed void of the future, all their thoughts appear to turn, as to the home where only they are to

find rest; and however a pure faith and a well grounded conviction, together with a life as blameless as may be predicated of anything human, may in elevating their contemplations and spiritualizing their thoughts, tend also to create a sense of joy, in the anticipation of that future which they believe to be the only perfect state; yet the immutable law of their being seems so ever present in their minds as to cast a melancholy shade over their loftiest thoughts and most joyous feelings. Thus too it was with Miss Hooper; and superadded to these causes in her case, were circumstances of domestic affliction and her own precarious health. She had been called to mourn the loss of a beloved and affectionate parent, whose memory she ever cherished with the fondness of a thankful child and the devotion of an appreciating friend. Other near and dear relatives had preceded her to the tomb; and the manifest warnings which she herself received of the insidious approaches of her own fatal malady, all tended to impress her own thoughts and verses with the character of melancholy and tender foreboding that marks so many of her compositions. Nor was this tone diminished by her exquisite enjoyment of whatsoever comforts and blessings were vouchsafed to her in the love and esteem of friends, and the delightful communion of the domestic fireside. The very fame which she blushed to find surrounding her name, and the prospect opened to her mind, of a rank among those brilliant names which have already illustrated and adorned our literature, could not fail to present some charm to a spirit even as gentle and unambitious as hers, and tend to increase that longing for life so natural to us all. These circumstances are enough to account for the despondent and melancholy turn which is so often characteristic of her poetry, for she saw that soon all these must pass away, and be no more to her, for ever. The flowers which she cultivated and loved, and which were ever eloquent

to her soul of the bounteous goodness of God ; the bright sun and the twinkling stars, the song of birds, the music of waters, and the universal voice of nature ; to all these, she knew she was soon to bid adieu ; and though her well assured faith, in humble reliance upon the all-wise Father, gave her hope of infinite gain in the loss of every earthly blessing, she naturally longed for life, if only in the more ample scope and fuller development of her powers,

“ that her song

“ With star-like virtue in its place might shine ;

“ Shedding benignant influence, and secure

“ Itself from all malevolent effect

“ Of those mutations, that extend their sway

“ Throughout the nether sphere !”

But the crowning glory of her life and character was the genuine maidenly modesty that shone in every thought and deed. Perfectly unenvious, as we have before remarked, she was ever the first to discover and applaud the excellencies of others, while she was apparently unconscious of her own ; and when their appreciation could not be repressed, she shrunk from encomiums as if she had not merited them. True, she was not indifferent to that fame which is the award of high capacity, for no well regulated mind can be ; and her modesty shone in this especially, that every new plaudit was deemed not so much a tribute to past achievement, as the strong incentive to further effort.

We have thus considered the character of Lucy Hooper in its moral and intellectual phases combined, and have perceived how the one was the fit and proper exponent of the other. Not without strength and masculine vigor, and yet of a true womanly spirit ; filled with all charity, and sympathizing deeply with the infirmities of humanity, yet revolting with uncompromising in-

dignation at all forms of wickedness and oppression; her life attracts our love and commands our esteem, and the same character invites the suffrages of the critic to approve her verse.

In her own home, and to the circle of friends whom she admitted to familiar intercourse, her memory is hallowed by a thousand thoughts which no language can adequately convey. Home was her appropriate sphere and empire; its duties and associations, its ties, affections and offices, her most fit occupation. And how shall we describe the wounds which they suffer who have lost one who made home beautiful, and adorned the private walk with such eminent virtue and feminine loveliness, that those who knew her, can only pourtray her character when they write her eulogy!

A life so pure and gentle as we have described, had its fitting end in the calm triumph of a christian death! But a few weeks before she died, though well persuaded that her end was rapidly approaching, she devoted what time she could persuade herself to spare from holy thoughts and the reading of the sacred volume, to the preparation of a work for the press, (that did not appear until after her death,) "The Poetry of Flowers," and contemplated likewise a volume of prose, in a somewhat similar style, though on a larger scale than her "Scenes from Domestic Life." To all these plans the final summons put a period; and resigning her immortal spirit to the Father of souls, she quietly sunk to sleep, to wake again where sorrow and mourning cannot come.

"And like a pure bright flower she lay, as if untouched by sin,

"Meet only for that perfect world that she had entered in."

Let us lay aside all the considerations of eminent talent, of high cultivation, and distinguished success in her vocation, which mark her course, and consider her as a mere woman; and how

eminently the story of her simple life fulfils our idea of the being created, like man, in the image of God, to be the helpmeet and ornament of our life. Strip her story of the romance of poetry, and invest it only in the daily beauty of its domestic home aptitudes ; let us forget that she was born and lived in an intellectual sphere, somewhat elevated above the mass of her fellows, and looking only upon the practical example of her life, how does it realize to us the exquisite picture of Wordsworth ;

We see her upon nearer view,
A spirit, yet a woman too !
Her household motions light and free,
And step of virgin liberty ;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet ;
A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food ;
For transient sorrow, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears and smiles.

And now we see with eye serene,
The very pulse of the machine ;
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveler between life and death ;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill ;
A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command ;
And yet a spirit still, and bright
With something of an angel light !

Let her life and example be not without their due effect upon the reader of these pages, in which are contained the record of her thoughts and feelings ; persuading them not alone to the cultivation of their minds in all elegant and useful accom-

plishment, but urging them so to fulfil the great ends of life, that when Death comes his advent may be joyful. And while they dwell with admiration upon the indications of genius with which they are filled, let them ever recollect with what holy meekness she displayed her gifts, as a trust to be employed unto edification as well as enjoyment; and as she wrote, and lived, not to gain man's applause and be therewith content, gather this useful lesson; that our gifts and graces are high responsibilities, which we are to use as not abusing them; that at the last dread hour they may realize the strength of that trust which enabled her to depart in peace, exclaiming in her own beautiful language,

"Bright Earth *I* go! but God a strength hath given
"Unto my heart! *I can look up to Heaven!*"

We cannot more appropriately close this sketch of our lamented friend, than by quoting entire, a tribute to her memory and worth, from the pen of one, who a true poet himself, strongly sympathized with the teaching virtue and loveliness of her mind. And we desire no better excuse for our own partiality towards one whom "living we loved," than the following verses :

ON THE DEATH OF LUCY HOOPER,

Who died in Brooklyn, (L. I.) on the 1st of the 8th mo. aged 24 years.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

They tell me, Lucy, thou art dead—
That all of thee we loved and cherished
Has with thy summer roses perished;
And left, as its young beauty fled,
An ashen memory in its stead!—
Cold twilight of a parted day.
That true and loving heart—that gift
Of a mind earnest, clear, profound,
Bestowing, with a glad unthrift,
Its sunny light on all around,
Affinities which only could
Cleave to the Beautiful and Good—
And sympathies which found no rest
Save with the Loveliest and the Best—
Of them—of thee, remains there nought
But sorrow in the mourner's breast—
A Shadow in the Land of Thought?

No!—Even *my* weak and trembling faith
Can lift, for thee, the veil which doubt
And human fear have drawn about
The all-awaiting scene of death.

Even as thou wast I see thee still ;
 And, save the absence of all ill,
 And pain and weariness, which here
 Summoned the sigh or wrung the tear,
 The same as when two summer's back,
 Beside our childhood's Merrimack,
 I saw thy dark eye wander o'er
 Stream, sunny upland, rocky shore,
 And heard thy low, soft voice alone
 'Midst lapse of waters, and the tone
 Of sere leaves by the west-wind blown.
 There's not a charm of soul or brow—
 Of all we knew and loved in thee
 But lives in holier beauty now,
 Baptised in Immortality !
 Not mine the sad and freezing dream
 Of souls that with their earthly mould
 Cast off the loves and joys of old—
 Unbodied—like a pale moonbeam,
 As pure, as passionless, and cold ;
 Nor mine the hope of Indra's son
 Of slumbering in oblivion's rest,
 Life's myriads blending into one—
 In blank Annihilation blest ;
 Dust-atoms of the Infinite—
 Sparks scattered from the central light,
 And winning back through mortal pain,
 Their old unconsciousness again !—
 No ! I have FRIENDS in Spirit-Land—
 Not shadows in a shadowy band—
 Not *others*, but *themselves*, are they.

And still I think of them the same
As when the Master's summons came,
Their change—the holy morn-light breaking
Upon the dream-worn sleeper, waking—
A change from Twilight into Day!
They've laid thee 'midst the household graves,
Where Father, Brother, Sister, lie,
Below thee sweep the dark blue waves,
Above thee bends the summer sky!—
Thy own loved Church in sadness read
Her solemn ritual o'er thy head,
And blessed and hallowed with her prayer
The turf laid lightly o'er thee there.
That church, whose rites and liturgy,
Sublime and old, were truth to thee,
Undoubted, to thy bosom taken
As symbols of a Faith unshaken.
Even I, of simpler views, could feel
The beauty of thy trust and zeal;
And, owning not thy creed, could see
How life-like it must seem to thee,
And how thy fervent heart had thrown
O'er all, a coloring of its own,
And kindled up intense and warm
A life in every rite and form;
As, when on Chebar's banks of old
The Hebrew's gorgeous vision rolled,
A spirit filled the vast machine—
A life "within the wheels" was seen!

Farewell!—a little time, and we
 Who knew thee well, and loved thee here,
 One after one shall follow thee,
 As pilgrims through the Gate of Fear
 Which opens on Eternity.
 Yet we shall cherish not the loss
 All that is left our hearts meanwhile ;
 The memory of thy loveliness
 Shall round our weary pathway smile,
 Like moonlight, when the sun has set,
 A sweet and tender radiance yet.
 Thoughts of thy clear-eyed sense of duty,
 Thy generous scorn of all things wrong—
 The truth, the strength, the graceful beauty
 Which blended in thy song.
 All lovely things by thee beloved
 Shall whisper to our hearts of thee,
 These green hills where thy childhood roved—
 Yon river winding to the sea—
 The sunset light of Autumn eves
 Reflecting on the deep, still floods,
 Cloud, crimson sky, and trembling leaves
 Of rainbow-tinted woods—
 These in our view, shall henceforth take
 A tenderer meaning for thy sake,
 And all thou loved'st of earth and sky
 Seem sacred to thy memory !

Amesbury, 12th 8th month, 1841.

TRIBUTES
TO THE MEMORY OF
LUCY HOOPER.

ON THE DEATH OF MISS LUCY HOOPER.

"GIVE me armor of proof—we would turn from the view
"Of a world that is fading, to one that is true ;
"We would lift up each thought from this earth-shaded light,
"To the regions above, where there stealeth no blight ;
"And with Faith's chosen shield, by no dark tempests riven,
"We would gaze from Earth's storms on the brightness of Heaven."
Lucy Hooper.

"GIVE me armor of proof?" oh, came there not thrilling
A sound to thy heart fraught with mystery deep,
Like the trembling of prayer-laden leaves when the stilling
Of midnight's low wind lulls the flow'rets to sleep?

On earth thy song is hushed, and thou art gone
In all the glory of thy early years,
To the bright heaven thy gaze was fixed upon,
The world unfading, and undimmed by tears,
The voice of song is hushed—the lute-note flown
Which woke in woman's heart an answering tone.

Oh, sweetly-gifted ! was there naught could save?
Could not affection—love, with mighty power—
Fame's quenchless burnings, win thee from the grave,
When thou wast drooping like a storm-rent flower?
Naught, naught could stay thee—in the realms on high
Thy spirit sought and found its native sky.

And shall we mourn thee? for the gifted mind
 This earth hath trials which are hard to bear,
 Sorrows that like a clasping tendril bind
 The heart, and feelings none may share,
 Lying too deep for words, but understood
 By minds where kindred thoughts in silence brood.

And woman's pathway in the world of song
 Is strangely girt with sadness, far away
 Floats the heart's wealth of beauty—borne along
 Like the flower-fragrance of a summer-day,
 While the lone pining of the spirit craves
 A look, a tone, a stay amid the waves.

In the melodious murmurs of the night—
 In all the passionate yearnings for the good—
 In proud aspirings for those words of 'might
 Which stir the spirit like a tempest-flood—
 In hours of vigils—there are whisperings clear,
 Come to our world of love! thy home is here!

We may not mourn thee! In thy glorious dreams
 Thou saw'st the sunny land beyond the tomb;
 For radiant beauty comes in starry gleams—
 Sweet flowers of paradise in richness bloom—
 Glad strains triumphant float—when turns the view
 From this false world to one unchanging, true!

"Give me armor of proof!" let the prayer be our own,
 We need armor of proof if the crown would be won,
 And Faith's chosen shield, by no dark tempest riven,
 Must be ours ere we gaze on the brightness of heaven.

J. C.

ON THE DEATH OF MISS LUCY HOOPER.

BY H. T. TUCKERMAN.

AND thou art gone ! sweet daughter of the lyre,
Whose strains we hoped to hear thee waken long ;
Gone—as the stars in morning's light expire,
Gone like the rapture of a passing song ;
Gone from a circle who thy gifts have cherished,
With genial fondness and devoted care,
Whose dearest hopes, with thee, have sadly perished,
And now can find no solace but in prayer ;
Prayer to be like thee, in so meekly bearing
Both joy and sorrow from thy Maker's hand ;
Prayer to put on the white robes thou art wearing,
And join thy anthem in the better land.

Boston. August 5th, 1841.

FROM THE NEW WORLD.

DIED, at Brooklyn, on Sunday last, in the 25th year of her age, LUCY HOOPER. A name which, though not so familiar to our readers as are the writings of her who bore it, must still in the minds of many be associated with genius, and gentleness, and womanly worth. Miss Hooper, whose verses were rarely marked by more than her simple initials, had for some years been an anonymous contributor to most of the leading periodicals of this city, before she became at all identified in name with the authorship of her own beautiful productions. The admiration they excited among persons of taste naturally awakened an interest as to the source whence they emanated, but the versatility of power, and at times the masculine strength displayed in them, would hardly have allowed any one individual to be named as the author, were it not for a single trait which alike pervaded every one—the *womanly* refinement which gave sweetness to them all.

But we must take some other opportunity to dwell upon the merits of Miss Hooper's writings—yet as a poetess only, (one of the sweetest of our land,) as such only, perhaps, ought we to allude to her here—for so retired and diffident was she in the exercise of her rare mental endowments, that one shrinks from offending the modest worth and the feminine gentleness that were buried with her, even while barely alluding to them as the graces which adorned her genius. For how emphatically does one who *knew her well*, feel that

“Underneath the grave doth lie
 “As much beauty as could die,
 “Which in life did harbor give
 “To more virtue than doth live.”

FROM THE BOSTON TIMES.

They do not err,
 Who say that when a poet dies
 Nature mourns a worshipper
 And celebrates his obsequies.

DIED at Brooklyn, New-York, on Sunday last, Miss Lucy Hooper, aged 24 years.

Thus, for the fourth time within a twelvemonth, has death taken away one of the few who, in our practical country, are devoted to song. The subject of this notice was a genuine daughter of New England. She was a beautiful example of the high moral integrity of character and the native intelligence, which so often distinguish the descendants of the Pilgrims. Miss Hooper was born in Newburyport, where there are still many whose hearts will bleed at the announcement of her departure. She possessed the soul of a true poetess, and, although her brief life, domestic affliction, and ill health, prevented her from doing full justice to her powers, many of her effusions bear the stamp of true and feminine genius. We recall particularly some stanzas on Herodias, describing her feelings on receiving the head of John the Baptist,

which are full of high sentiment and touching imagery. This piece was selected by Mr. Bryant for his volume of American Poetry. But Miss Hooper's talents were by no means the only tie that bound her to the hearts of her kindred and friends. Her strong benevolent tendencies, her purity of feeling, and her gentle and affectionate disposition, endeared her to all who were so happy as to be included in the circle of her acquaintance. To her mother, sisters and brothers, her loss must be irreparable. Their chief consolation must be found in cherishing the memory of a character which was a blessing to all who knew her; and in the confident hope of re-union with a spirit which even here below seemed attuned to the harmony of Heaven.

FROM THE NEW YORK AMERICAN.

In closing our literary notices this week, we have the melancholy task of recording the decease of a young American lady, who bade fair to become one of the brightest ornaments of the growing literature of her country. Miss Lucy Hooper, who died at Brooklyn on Sunday last, in the 25th year of her age, was the writer of some of the most admired fugitive poetry of the day. Many of her elegant productions have from time to time appeared anonymously in our columns, and in those of other periodicals of this city. The purity of thought, the refined sweetness of expression, the happy and melodious versification which distinguished her writings, commended them to every reader of taste and feeling. But great as was the admiration they attracted, it was not until within the last year or two that the modest name of Miss Hooper became associated with writings whose authorship the most gifted and fastidious might well be anxious to claim.

Habituated as she was, from early girlhood, to see her productions in print, the applause which she received as an author seemed never to stifle or deaden the instinctive diffidence of the gentle-hearted home-loving woman. Her genius impelled her to utterance, but her truly

feminine temper shrank from publicity. And this it was, indeed, this beautiful union of strong, nervous talent, with great softness of character, which gave a remarkable interest to Miss Hooper. The lofty energetic spirit which breathes in many of her verses was doubled in its effect upon those who knew how meekly she bore her noble faculties; which seemed only to be exercised as a trust whose responsibility she felt, yet whose glory was not hers.

Of the prose writings of Miss Hooper, a single volume has been published under her name. It is a simple, unostentatious little work, written and put forth solely from the wish of doing good in the sphere wherein it was intended to circulate, and with no ambition of making a reputation for the writer, whose kindly nature impelled her to the task. Its success, however, seemed to inspire her with the desire of attempting something of greater magnitude in the same useful path of literature. Her natural taste and inclination was decidedly in a more elegant sphere of letters; but she undervalued her own contributions there, as if poetic composition were to her a mere luxurious revel of faculties, from which DUTY claimed something more. The last months of her life, however, were devoted to the preparation of a work far more congenial to her real taste. It is, if we mistake not, a beautifully illustrated volume upon the flowers of this country. It is now in press; and its interest, when it appears, will be enhanced by the reflection, that she who had such sensibility to feel, and such eloquence to interpret the mute preaching of Nature, can never here again be gladdened by the gentle influences whose effect upon her own spirit she had the rare gift of imparting to others.

FROM THE NEW YORKER.

DIED, in Brooklyn, on Sunday, August 1, Miss Lucy Hooper, aged 25 years. Silence is the fitting language of grief; yet we cannot suffer our rarely gifted friend to sink into the grave without some slight sad tribute of affection and gratitude. For several years past Miss Hooper has been an infrequent, but most efficient contributor to

the periodical literature of our country, and might have achieved a proud rank among the female writers of the land, had she not listened rather to the dictates of feminine diffidence, than the promptings of ambition.

Her poetry, as a whole, is surpassed by that of few living women ; and indeed, in its portrayal of the tender and better affections of our nature we know not who lives that could excel it. Truth, Passion, Gentleness, and the heart's undying devotion, have rarely found a loftier, purer minstrelsy than in her writings.

Miss Hooper stood among the foremost of a circle of freewill contributors to the original columns of the New Yorker, to whom we are deeply indebted for whatever of public regard this paper has acquired.

Death had already thinned that little band, yet this arrow had pierced more deeply than any preceding. It comes too with the suddenness as well as the stunning force of the thunderbolt ; living within the neighborhood almost of the deceased, we had not heard of her illness even till we learned that her Spirit had departed.

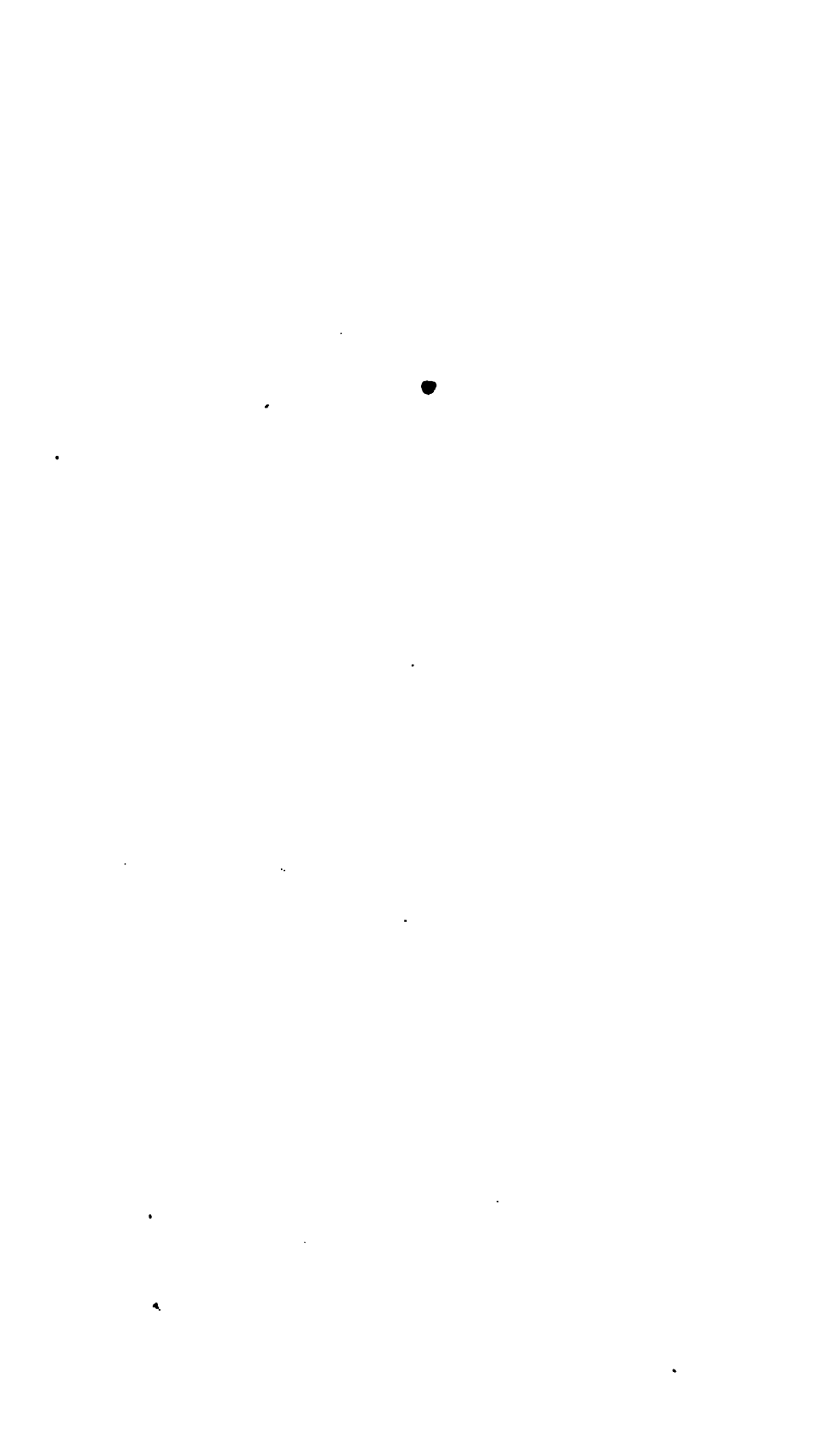
LETTER TO THE EDITOR, BY PROF. J. W. FRANCIS. M. D.,
RESIDENT PHYSICIAN OF NEW-YORK.

THE late Miss Lucy Hooper will long be remembered with tender emotions by that circle of friends to which she added grace and ornament. The characteristics both personal and intellectual which she exhibited, were to my mind strikingly interesting and attractive. A professional acquaintance for several years of the latter portion of her life, entitles me to say, that her physical constitution, naturally feeble, gave but too evident signs that her temporal career could not be long, and must yield, in no great length of time, to the occasional assaults of disease to which she was subjected.

For a period of many years the cultivation of her mind was little interrupted ; and though her corporeal suffering was often an obstacle to continuous effort, she sustained with unabated ardor her studies in

the ancient and modern languages, in polite literature, in botany, and in several of the other branches of natural science. Doubtless the extent of her reading and her acquisitions in varied knowledge contributed to cherish in her family the delusive expectation that her constitution was destined for a longer career of active exertion than fell to her lot. Mental effort may in some instances protract the duration of those energies which at length it consumes. But the hopes cherished by her too ardent friends never for a moment deceived herself. For the last four months of her existence her physical powers were yielding to the combined influence of disease and intellectual action; and after a few days of aggravated suffering, painful evidences were manifest of the fatality which was impending.

Her disorder was pulmonary consumption; and the insidious peculiarities of that treacherous malady were conspicuous in her case in an eminent degree. Within three days of her dissolution she was occupied, with intervals of serious reflection, in her literary labors; and conversed freely on her projected plan of a series of moral tales, her book on flowers, and other works. Her life and habits of thought had long prepared her for the final event: severe examination and inquiry contributed to strengthen the consolation of religion. In her death, which was without pain and without a struggle, she bequeathed to her friends triumphant evidences of that hope which animates the expiring Christian.



THE
POETICAL REMAINS
OF
MISS LUCY HOOPER.

THE QUEEN'S PETITION.

It was an hour of silence, and its gloom
Came on my spirit; for my pulse had ceased
Its quick and joyous motion, keeping time
To the dull thoughts of sickness, and mine eye
Conned listlessly the page of old romance,
Till, casting polished song and fairy tale
Alike away, I sought the open leaves
Of the inspired volume; and there rose
Beautiful forms before me, till the still
And silent chamber seemed a hall of light
In the far eastern clime, the fair abode
Of Persia's proudest king. The glowing sky
Bent kindly o'er it, and the summer wind
Visited softly the transplanted flower
That blushed so brightly in a monarch's court:
Imperial Esther, from her native land

Stranger and outcast, yet with earnest hope
Waiting on Judah's God, and keeping bright
Faith's holy torch 'midst dark idolatry
And the vain splendors of a court.

How fair

Looked the young Jewish maiden, as she paused
Before her sovereign's throne, with the soft blush
Mantling upon her cheek, and her dark eyes
Veiled by their silken lashes, and her slight
And fragile form half trembling, yet upheld
By the strange pride of woman.

Could he pause

Nor reach the golden sceptre? There was power
In every changing hue of that soft cheek
To move his princely spirit, and a smile
Broke o'er his features as he gently placed
On that fair brow a diadem, and hailed
The bending flower before him—Persia's Queen!
Oh! Pomp hath golden hours, but Love hath links
Softer and sweeter far; and from that hour
There was the memory of a haunting smile
To stir young Esther's thoughts, there was a voice
Mingling its low deep tones with all her dreams,
There was a regal form that at her side
Moved proudly, and a stately step that stilled
Earth's music to her ear, while sky and flowers
Wore brighter hues, and every fountain played
In sweet accordance to her wandering thoughts,
Tinged with Love's first bright dyes—its morning dreams!

Came there no cloud upon so fair a sky?
 Who was the holy man that slowly passed
 On to the palace gates, like one who bears
 A mournful message, yet whose heart is firm,
 Kindling with its high purpose? He passed on
 Till with his noble mien he stood before
 The youthful Queen, and to her list'ning ear
 Unfolded his sad message, that her land
 Was clad in mourning, all her people doomed
 To death by Persia's monarch; that the lips
 Whose smiles she treasured had that day pronounced
 On them a fearful doom; and that no more
 Might he, who reared her from her earliest years,
 Folding his sheltering arms around her youth,
 Watch round her footsteps, should she fail to move
 The heart of that proud sovereign, should she pause,
 Nor trusting in the God of Israel, dare
 To plead her people's cause.

The lip grew pale
 Of the fair listener, and the fairy dreams
 That shone so brightly o'er her path were dimmed,
 Yet the high spirit of her race rose up
 Lighting her prophet eyes, as she passed out
 To seek the help of Israel's God.

She called
 Her maidens to her side, and bade them take
 Away her priceless jewels, and remove
 Her costly robes, then kneel around her there,
 Even as she prayed:—

God of my Fathers, hear!
Thou who didst move thy people's path before
As it was theirs with toiling steps to press
On in the dark and weary wilderness,

Still with thy mercy cheer
Thy covenant people, who so meekly wait
For thy deliverance from their dark estate.

God of my Fathers! meet
Thy weak handmaid who turneth now to thee
Praying for strength to plead
Aloud her people's need;

Casting away the idol dreams so sweet
Seeking the promise of thy help alone,
Before she passeth to her monarch's throne.

God of my Fathers, hear!
Thou who didst give thy people might to move
On through the stormy sea,
Support and comfort me;
Bear up my soul with thine almighty love—
Let Judah's maid her people's cause confess,
Let Judah's maid the trust of Judah bless.

God of my Fathers, hear!
If in that fearful place my heart grow faint,
As sweet and crowding memories fain would come
Oh! let my people's doom
Lift me above all weak and fond complaint,
And turn away my heart from earthly things,
As in thy presence only, King of kings!

* * * * *

It was a fearful trial. There were thoughts
Clinging around her heart that still refused
All words to give them utterance ; there were hopes,
Fluttering like uncaged birds around her path,
That in that hour she dared not breathe aloud ;
There was one name still hovering on her lips,
That yet she might not whisper ; for one hour,
One brief, bright hour might shut all hope from her,
If *he* should *frown*, what need of after words,
“Die with thy people !” *die*—Could life be aught
When she had witnessed that ?

She robed herself
In all her queenly garments, and bound up
The rich dark tresses of her hair, as once
He smiled to see it worn, and with her heart
Stillling the throbbings of its human fear
By its deep trust in Heaven alone, she passed
On in her innocent beauty, till she stood
A form of light, a heavenly vision sent
To the King’s presence, with a kindling eye
And a new trust awakened, as she cried,
“A boon ! my lord, a boon !”

The suppliant sank,
O’ercome with many feelings, at his throne,
Greeting again that strange peculiar smile,
Touching that golden sceptre.

♦ She had saved
Her people in that hour, and was hailed
Queen of fair Persia, and of Persia’s King !

THE LIGHT AFAR.

He was among them all—
The bright, the young, the fair;
But on his brow they marked a shade,
A still deep shadow that betrayed,
E'en when he bowed at beauty's thrall,
His spirit was not there—
But sought a dearer light afar,
A gentler and a purer star!

He was among them all—
The bright, the young, the fair;
When softest eyes did softly glance
And fairy feet were in the dance,
Dreaming amid their music fall
Of one who was not there;
Sighing to greet that light afar,
The gentler and the purer star!

He was among them all—
The bright, the young, the fair;
When music, stolen from Heaven above,
Was gently breathed by lips of Love,
He heeded not the call;
But dreamed of notes more rich and rare,
And worshipped still that light afar,
The gentler and the purer star!

He was among them all—
The bright, the young, the fair ;
But ruby lips were vainly wreathed,
And timid sighs as vainly breathed,
For him in Pleasure's hall ;
He might not greet her there,
The one he loved, the light afar,
The gentler and the purer star !

He was among them all—
The bright, the young, the fair ;
When eyes looked soft in the moon's soft light,
And tones grew low like the breath of Night,
Or Music's dying fall !
Still, still unconquered there,
His heart was her's, who dwelt afar,
The gentler and the purer star !

He was among them all—
The bright, the young, the fair ;
Only to dream of hours more sweet,
Wishing that he were at her feet,
Not 'midst the festive ball ;
To see again her golden hair
Bound up for him, his light afar,
The gentler and the purer star !

THE APPEAL OF MARIA THERESA.

THE ceremonies attending the coronation of Maria Theresa, as Queen of Hungary, are well known, how she wore the iron crown of St. Stephen, and to the Royal Mount on a superb charger, waving her sword in defiance, to the four corners of the earth ; how that afterwards in the banquet hall, being commoded by the heat, she removed it from her head, while her luxuriant tresses falling upon her neck, the assembled Hungarian nobles were thrilled with enthusiasm by her beauty, her youth, and her noble spirit. The scene on which the following lines were written, took place when, in the assemblage, she threw herself upon the tried fidelity and bravery of her Hungarian nobles.

BEAUTIFUL looked the lady
When she wore the iron crown,
Beautiful at the banquet-hall
With her shining hair unbound ;
And queenly at the Royal Mount,
As, with a warrior's air,
She boldly waved the flashing sword,
And reined her charger there.

But more beautiful the lady,
With her calm and stately grace,
Glancing with firm and steadfast eye
On knight and noble's face ;

And casting to the idle wind
A woman's passing fear,
She turned to that assembled throng—
“Nobles of Hungary, hear!

“As men do gaze in thickest night
Upon a single star,
So shines to me your steadfast faith
With promise from afar;
I place my trust upon your arms,
On yours, the true and brave,
For Hungary's soil may never shield
The coward or the slave!

“I call unto my rescue now
God and St. Stephen's aid;
I gaze upon the swelling tide
With spirit undismayed.
Nobles and knights of Hungary,
I pledge my queenly word
To guard for you each sacred right—
Who draws for me his sword?

“Now, in mine hour of darkest fear,
On you my hope I cast;
Nobles and knights of Hungary
Will ye not bide the blast?
God shall defend my righteous cause,
I call ye to the strife—
Who for his leader and his queen
Will peril fame and life?”

And swords were from their scabbards flung,
And spears were gleaming bright,
While loudly thrilling accents rung,
"St. Stephen for the right !
Lady ! to thee our lives we pledge,
The peril we defy ;
Marie Therese shall be our queen,
Marie, our battle cry !"

Noble and knight, on bended knee,
Came from that throng apart,
And bathed with tears her gentle hand
Who bore so true a heart ;
And tears were in those shining eyes,
Though flashed her spirit high,
As louder swelled the thrilling words
"For thee we live or die !"

L I N E S .

ST. BARTHOLEMEW'S NIGHT.

Charles IX, King of France, knew no rest after the fatal night of St. Bartholemew, its horrors were perpetually before him. In his last days he fancied that the air was filled with the groans of the sufferers, and that the shades of those who were murdered that night were continually beside him. The Cardinal Lorraine, who had advised the massacre, died also; and that year on Christmas day there was the most remarkable tempest ever known in France.—*Sully's Memoirs.*

THE sun went down without a cloud
To tell of coming fate,
And the King of France sat on his throne
Arrayed in kingly state;
But his lip bespoke an evil heart
With an evil pride elate.

The sun went down without a cloud,
And, through the summer air,
Sweet hymns were floating softly up,
And words of gentlest prayer,
From lips that ere the morrow's dawn,
Were cold and silent there.

The sun went down without a cloud—
Yet woe for pleasant France,
For vine-clad roof and lordly dome
Wept idly vanished glance,
And vain was woman's pleading cry,
And vain the knightly lance.

The sun went down without a cloud;
The king sat on his throne,
The stars saw fearful deeds that night
The while they dimly shone,
When ruffian hands were steeped in gore
Alike from sire and son.

The sun went down without a cloud—
But what a fearful night,
The torch of truth went out in France—
Its blessed radiance bright ;
Yet sat that king upon his throne,
Nor mourned the vanished light.

The sun went down without a cloud,
The skies gave forth no sign,
There fell from heaven nor storm, nor fire,
As in the olden time,
And yet, oh God ! thine eye did'st mark
Each chosen one of thine !

The sun went down without a cloud—
The tide of Time again
Rolled on as it had rolled before
That night without a name—
And sat that king upon his throne,
Another ! yet the same !

* * * * *

There were voices in the air,
There was writing on the wall,
And his soul o'er earthly splendors cast
Its darkness as a pall—
Dreams of St. Barthèlèmie's night
Were haunting him through all !

Alike from cell and bower they came,
From cot and lordly dome,
Pale spectres of the past, to press
Around that monarch's throne—
And 'midst his courtier bands he greets
The martyred dead alone !

Upon his kingly throne he sat,
But not in kingly pride,

Terror and fear were round his couch,
The dead were by his side:
Were these companions meet to tread
With him the pass untried?

Monarch of France! the meanest serf
Who walked in Truth's pure light,
And bowed his neck to the headman's stroke
In holy faith that night,
Might pity thee, for the wrath of God
Is a fierce and scorching blight.

A fearful thing in sunny France,
That year on holy day,
The trees were rent, and the firm earth shook,
But their souls had past away,
And an evil king and counsellor
Alike in stillness lay!

THE LAST INTERVIEW.

He stood within her presence—that brave knight,
With his arms folded proudly, and his eye
Bent scornfully upon the face, that once
Shone as the day-star of his early dreams.
Oh ! how doth falsehood mar earth's brightest things,
Robbing the eye of lustre, and the brow
Of the fair seal of truth, till we must gaze
Strangely upon its surface, greeting not
Its lost ethereal glory !

Thus he stood,
Casting away proud trophy, and brave spoil,
And last the silken scarf—Love's treasured gage—
Low at her feet he placed them, as he spoke
Bitterly in his anger ;—

“ 'T was a dream,
Fair lady ! that beguiled me in the past,
And it hath vanished !—'t was an idle dream,
But in the battle's hour as a spell

It nerved me to the conflict, and I spurned
Danger and toil that I might bring to thee
High trophy, and a name more proudly spoken
Than when we parted.

“Lady, ’t was a dream !
Yet those bright lips allowed it, and that eye
Shone as the vow was spoken—oh ! like Truth
It did beguile me—’t was a mocking dream,
It wins mine ear no more !”

The lady’s eye
Drooped ’neath his steadfast glances, and she spoke
In a low tone, of time, and change, and doubt:
Proudly he checked her—

“Speakest thou of love ?
Or of the fickle will of a weak heart ?
Lady, the opal hath a changing gleam,
But who would wear that jewel on his breast ?
Give me the pearl for purity, for light
The flashing diamond, and for constant glow
The vivid ruby—these may know no change—
So are my thoughts of Love, there’s not a star
In the bright Heaven but doth confirm my heart
In its first visions ; Love must be to me
As in the old romance, the fervid tale
And the heroic legend !

“Was there doubt
And change with these? Were the bright pinions soiled,
Or drooped they feebly? Lady, it may be
Mine was a fiery spirit when I bound
Yon scarf upon my bosom, as I deemed
Thy heart did mirror the deep love of mine,
And thy glad spirit treasure all for me
Its pure fidelity; Oh! ’t was a dream;
I break the silken tie, I cast away
All memory of that hour!”

Serenely then
The lady took from her fair neck a chain,
His hand once placed there, but the golden links
Shivered within her grasp, a fitting type
Of the frail love she bore him.

With a mien
Proud as his own, she sought the rarer gems,
That once were Love’s first offerings, and she placed
The flashing stones before him, but his lip
Curled to a bitter smile.

“I pray thee now,
Fair lady, there was more—a priceless gift—
Keep still these worthless tokens of an hour,
Give me the one bright jewel!”

On his face
She gazed at first in doubt, but bitter tears
Gushed as she read his meaning.

“There was more,
Fair lady, than thou showest—one bright gem
Never thine own again, the priceless love
Of a thrice noble heart, the pure esteem
Of a high spirit—this shall never rest
Upon a changing bosom. This I take
Back to my heart again. Its dream is o’er.”

LINES.

ancis I, being defeated at the battle of Pavia, was kept a prisoner by Charles V. On being released from captivity, as he mounted his horse he exclaimed, "I am yet a king!"

! lightly on his barb he sprung, that monarch brave
and free,

While from his lips the cheering words broke forth exult-
ingly,—

I am yet a king, I turn once more unchecked my bridle
rein,

Now for the fields of sunny France, of France, mine own
again!

I am yet a king—I am yet a king, oh, France! that it
should be

That ever on thy monarch's brow should pale thy 'fleur
de lis,'

That brave, brave knight of thine should e'er be forced to
yield his lance,

Yet, yet am I once more thy king, oh, sunny land of
France!

I am yet a king—I am yet a king, the heavy dream hath
past,

And light word to an evil foe, I ween, shall lightly last,
For swords shall gleam, and blood shall flow, like rivers
to the main,

So shall thy king, oh, gallant France! wash out the evil
stain.

I am yet a king—I am yet a king, be mine the kingly
pride

To range once more in war array, my nobles at my side;
To see their lances brightly shine, and tread my foemen
down,

Till in the dust the glories lie of his Imperial crown.

I am yet a king—I am yet a king, oh, France! bright
France for me,

Thine are the golden lilies, *thine* the flower of chivalry,
Thine are the clear and sunny skies, and thine the glanc-
ing waters,

And brave, oh! brave are all thy knights, and fair thy
smiling daughters.

I am yet a king—a king of thine, oh, France! I feel it now;
What is the past, that it should cast a shadow on my
brow?

n, again my hopes are high, again my course is free,
pleasant land and sunny land, who would not die for
thee ?

yet a king—I am yet a king ! once more my sword is
bright,
captive soon shall prove himself true king and noble
knight,
richly shall the blood stream flow, and brightly lances
shine,
France ! ere thou shalt ever blush for recreant son of
thine !”

DEATH OF THE FAIR PILGRIM.

The following lines refer to the well known history of the Lady Anne Johnson.

It was her dying hour—she was far
From the proud halls of England, and the tones
Of sweet familiar voices ; but the smile
That rested on her lip, as yet untouched
With the pale hue of death, and the deep eyes
So full of quenchless fervor, as she gazed
Round her new home, told of a heart that yet
Had found no cause of sadness ; that for Him
Who bore an earthly cross, it had been hers
To leave the scenes of childhood, and in faith
Offer pure worship, and erect a shrine
Unto his praise in that far wilderness ;

Till from the mighty forests, and deep shades
Of that untrodden land, there daily rose
The breath of prayer, like incense, unto God.
It was her dying hour. As a dream
Melting away from memory, they passed
The first bright scenes of youth, the careless hours,
When like a harp untouched, her heart found rest
In the gay halls of pleasure—and there rose
No sigh upon her lip, like those who tread
Vainly Earth's glittering courts, and only quaff
Mirth's sparkling chalice but to cast aside
The uncharmed cup in sadness. Hours like these,
Bright from the sunny hues of youth alone,
Gay from its unstirred sympathies, lived not
Within her memory now; but household tones,
Sweet words of kindness, visions of that time
When first amid her home's proud halls her heart
Woke to a knowledge of the truth, and felt
Her's was the pilgrim's God, the pathless sea—
Was she alone? Sweet tears from Memory's fount
Thrilled to her eyes, when in her own she clasped
The hand of one fond watcher, and gave breath
To the sweet visions of their early love—
Dreams of that holy time, when first her heart

Thrilled as the voice, to others calm and stern,
Came to her ear as a soft breathing flute,
Winning her to a knowledge of the truth.
What from that hour her fair and stately halls,
Their gay and sunny bowers ? the sparkling throngs
Who did her homage ! Looked not the far home
He spoke of in the wilderness more bright ?
Could she forget, 'mid lighter smiles, the one
To which her spirit answered ? The deep prayer
Went up in the still midnight ; and her home
With its glad memories, its dreams of pride,
Its hours of sunny pleasures, all were cast
Upon Love's holy altar ; and with tears
That not in blessed England might the lip
Breathe out its homage freely, or the truth
Find refuge with its nobles, did she pass
On to the land untried—the pilgrim's bourne—
Lit by Love's sacred star, led by high thoughts
Across the pathless ocean !

It was found,
That refuge in the wilderness—and now
Amidst its vines and flowers, 't was hers to die
With all its memories round her, holy prayer

And quiet even-time, and trusting Love,
Bright hopes and mingled sorrows ; and there came
With these sweet thoughts, dreams of her native land,
As a far vision, of her mother's voice,
" Bless thee, my child, oh ! bless thee ! "

In her heart
All earthly strife was o'er, and with a smile
Radiant and full of peace, she turned and said,
" Sing to me friends ! sing me a pilgrim song :
The last—the last—I would that I might hear
The breath of praise float up to Heaven once more ;
Sing to me, friends, oh sing ! "

All voices sought,
Save one, to sing in concert a glad song
Of cheerful triumph, giving praise to God ;
But deep tears checked the music, as they gazed
On the bright vision, passing from their sight,
In such pure faith, away.

The strain had ceased ;
And to the eye of him she loved she turned,
As she would gain a strength in that calm hour.
To meet the last dread foe.

With a low voice,
And faltering through deep tenderness, he read
From the pure page of scripture, "He that leaves
Father or Mother, for my sake, shall be
Blest in the realms of glory!"

It was sweet
To hear the words of promise, and she laid
Her head upon her bosom, and breathed out
Her spirit, to the pilgrim's God, in prayer !

THE SPEAKING PICTURE.

Suggested by Vanderlyn's portrait of Mrs. Allston, daughter of Aaron Burr.

Is it life, is it life in the picture I see ?
Can the grave yield its victim, the past smile on me ?
From caverns of ocean, from shades of the night
Comes this vision of beauty, this being of light ?

Let me gaze, let me gaze on that radiant brow,
On the lips breathing life, on the cheek's mantling glow !
Oh ! 't is youth's purest bloom, it is life's sweetest grace,
'T is the past smiling back from that beautiful face !

Let me gaze, let me gaze ! can the picture be true ?
Was the eye's lustre thus, and the cheek's this bright hue ?
Was it thus in the halls of the mirthful she shone,
Like a star in the firmament, peerless and lone ?

Was the hair bound with roses ? the eyes flashing light ?
Let me gaze, let me gaze on the youthful and bright ;
So looked she, so smiled she in days that are gone,
But we greet not her footsteps—we hear not her tone !

Oh ! 't is life, but the friends of her youth are all fled,
In the halls where she shone the fresh garlands are dead ;
And the loving and leal wept her long and in vain,
By the dim shore they parted, and met not again !

Oh ! 't is life, it is life in the picture we see—
'T is the past breathing back in its beauty to me ;
But there's grief with that beauty, there's wo with its bloom,
When I gaze on that fair face, and think of her doom.

In the silence of night from those lips came a moan—
On those bright sunny tresses the salt spray was thrown—
And those deep eyes sought vainly some help to descry,
When the tempest swept past and the billows dashed high !

Some pearly sea cave may now pillow her head ;
By some nymph of the wave might her dirge have been said,
As the white waters closed o'er the form once so fair,
And the loud wailing winds rose above her wild prayer.

Oh ! 't is life, it is life—for the picture smiles yet
With youth's mocking bloom, but her sun hath long set !
We gaze on her beauty, we sigh for her tone,
But the grave keeps its trust, and the sea holds its own !

THE LOCK OF HAIR.

Lock of hair ! and sent o'er land and seas,
From softer climes fanned by the southern breeze ;
Lock of hair ! what was the tale it told ?
Love that lingered till the heart grew cold
And still in death, its last fond message sent
To one whose name with every hope was blent !
Who watched, with kindling heart, the evening star,
And deemed his gaze met hers, though distant far !
For her, for her that last and cherished token,
For her those parting words, that faith unbroken !

How did they reach her ? 'midst her home's bright flowers,
Were hers no restless dreams, no weary hours ?
Yes ! when Hope's sweet links were torn apart,
He had no charm to win the trusting heart !
Would she live on ? the rich cheek lost its bloom,
Near the low couch, and hers the darkened room ;
The voice grew faint whose welcome was so sweet,
The brow grew pale that flushed Love's glance to meet ;

Then linger not ! Love's last fond message bear,
Give up thy charge ! one tress of golden hair !

Oh ! precious gift ! than costly gems more dear,
Love's last memorial, bathed with many a tear,
Borne over hill and sea with quenchless faith,
In holy trust brought to the couch of death ;
Linked with sweet hopes, radiant with Love's bright hue,
Sent from one answering heart to one as true,
Fondly to whisper that yon world of bliss
Might bind again the parted links of this ;
Loved pledge and sweet, her last, her dearest care,
She clasped in death the Lock of golden hair !

THE TURQUOISE RING.

Miss Martineau's novel of "Deerbrook," the heroine is made to preserve with great care a Turquoise Ring, which her lover had given her in the early days of their attachment, and during a long period of doubt and estrangement, to believe that while its hues continued undimmed, his faith remained to her unbroken. So poetic and fervent a belief met with its appropriate reward ; the Turquoise Ring remained bright, and the lover returned.

THE Turquoise Ring ! 't was a gift of power,
Guarding her heart in that weary hour,
As a magic spell, as a gem of light,
As a pure, pure star amidst clouds of night,
Bringing back to the pale, pale cheek its bloom,
Strengthening her heart in that hour of doom ;
There was hope, there was trust with its living hue,
The gem was bright, and the lover true,
As a sign to her heart, as a sign to her eye,
The one bright gleam of a troubled sky.
The Turquoise Ring ! oh ! the olden time
Hath many a magic tale and sign,
Bright gifts of treasure on land and on sea,
But nought for the heart or the memory ;

For what might the fairy lamp of old
Yield to its owner but gems and gold ?
And to her who sat in that lonely hall,
The Turquoise Ring was worth them all ;
For the heart hath a dearer wealth than lies
In the earth's wide halls and argosies ;
And its hopes are more precious than stores of gold
When richest and rarest by miser told,
For what had been gems that brightly shone,
To her who sat in her grief alone ?

Oh ! the Turquoise Ring had a spell of power !
This was a gift for the weary hour,
Linking the future to all the past,
Breathing of moments too bright to last,
Till they came in the light of their living bliss,
To soothe, to gladden an hour like this.
Oh ! Love hath wings they have said who knew,
And that Love hath wings is a story true,
But there lingers a bloom on his early hours,
When his wings are folded 'mid opening flowers,
When the streams are bright, and the sky is fair,
And the hearts too happy that trust him there ;
There lingers a bloom, and there rests a glow,
A charm that the earth not again may know !
And when from that resting place he flies,
Oh ! linked with a thousand memories,
Each bud and each leaf by our fond tears wet,
May breathe of his sweetness and beauty yet !

So with the past, and its holy love—
So with its hopes, that soared above—
With the visions that came to her nightly rest—
Was the Turquoise Ring to her finger pressed ;
Oh ! beautiful to her its light,
Could she forget that pleasant night
When first her finger's slender round
Was with the golden circlet bound,
And blushed she not to see it shine,
But at the low tone, "Love, be mine !"

Since then, since then, unchanged its hue,
Her hope, her trust, alike were true ;
But pale at times that cheek so bright,
And dimmed those eyes of living light,
For dreams were hers of pain and dread,
Yet still the ring its lustre shed,
They met and parted, as of yore
Fond hearts have met, and chilled before,
And coldness, sadness, fear had been,
Like cloud upon the sunny scene.

Yet woman's love will always strive,
And woman's faith through all things live,
And beautiful the maiden's truth,
And beautiful her trusting youth ;
Through all, through all, the Turquoise Ring,
A hope, a dream, a joy could bring ;
And still if clear and bright its hue,
Her faith was firm, her lover true !

Oh ! gift of power ! it brought at last
A bright, bright future for the past !
Oh, gift of power ! that cheek once more
Wore the rich bloom that blushed of yore !
Oh, gift of power ! who would not sing,
For me, for me, the Turquoise Ring,
For me, for me, when living faith
Faints in a world of change and death—
When sick with fear the heart may be,
And sad, oh ! sad the memory,
When dimly, dimly, dimly glow,
The hopes, the trusts that cling below ;
Then give me, give the Turquoise Ring,
Or the pure faith, a better thing !

L I N E S .

THE DAUGHTER OF HERODIAS.

Written after seeing, among a collection of beautiful paintings, (copies from the old masters, recently sent to New-York from Italy,) one representing the daughter of Herodias, bearing the head of John the Baptist on a charger, and wearing upon her countenance an expression, not of triumph, as one might suppose, but rather of soft and sorrowful remorse, as she looks upon the calm and beautiful features of her victim.

MOTHER ! I bring thy gift,
Take from my hand the dreaded boon—I pray
Take it, the still pale sorrow of the face
Hath left upon my soul its living trace.
Never to pass away :
Since from these lips one word of idle breath
Blanched that calm face—oh ! mother, this is death !

What is it that I see

From all the pure and settled features gleaming ?
Reproach ! reproach ! My dreams are strange and wild
Mother ! had'st thou no pity on thy child ?

Lo ! a celestial smile seems softly beaming
On the hushed lips—my mother, can'st thou brook
Longer upon thy victim's face to look ?

Alas ! at yesternorn

My heart was light, and to the viol's sound
I gaily danced, while crowned with summer flowers,
And swiftly by me sped the flying hours,

And all was joy around :
Not *death* ! Oh ! mother, could I say thee nay ?
Take from thy daughter's hand thy boon away !

Take it ! my heart is sad

And the pure forehead hath an icy chill—
I dare not touch it, for avenging Heaven
Hath shuddering visions to my fancy given,
And the pale face appals me, cold and still,
With the closed lips—oh ! tell me, could I know
That the pale features of the dead were so ?

I may not turn away

From the charmed brow, and I have heard his name
Even as a prophet by his people spoken—

And that high brow, in death, bears seal and token

Of one whose words were flame :

Oh ! Holy Teacher ! could'st thou rise and live,
Would not these hushed lips whisper, "I forgive?"

Away with lute and harp,

With the glad heart for ever, and the dance,
Never again shall tabret sound for me ;

Oh ! fearful mother ! I have brought to thee

The silent dead, with his rebuking glance,
And the crushed heart of one, to whom are given
Wild dreams of judgment and offended Heaven !

THE SERENADE.

Oh ! wake thee, lady, wake !

For the stars are on the sea,
And their holy torches burn
For thee, love, for thee !

Oh ! wake thee, lady, wake !

For the dew is on the flowers,
And the quiet, quiet night
Must be ours, only ours !

Oh ! wake thee, lady, wake !

In the "day's sweet prime,"
Other voices whisper thee,
Winning tones from thine.

But at night, but at night,

Wake for me, wake for me !
When the holy stars are bright
On the sleeping sea.

Like the birds in twilight bower,

I must sing to thee ;
Lady love, and cherished flower,
Keep thy tryst with me.

Softly now the moon is beaming,
As I come to thee,
And the jasmine stars are gleaming,
Wake thee, love, for me !

As a holy torch that shineth,
Though no eye may see,
As a sun that ne'er declineth,
Is my love for thee !

Then wake thee, lady, wake !
While the burning stars are bright,
And I will whisper thee
My dream of yesternight !

That the moon was on the sea,
And the dew was on the flower,
When thou did'st leave, with me,
Thy pleasant summer bower.

Oh ! wake thee, lady mine,
And keep thy tryst to-night,
For the moon is on the sea,
And the holy stars are bright !

A FRAGMENT.

THE stars of the old year shone last night,
And bright were the beams they cast,
But my spirit likened each burning ray
To the torch-light of the Past ;
For methought that many a heart would chill,
To gaze on that glowing sphere,
Should Memory's chords, that evening, thrill
To the dreams of the olden year !

To the garlands hung over Hope's gay shrine,
When the hours of that year were new,
And we looked not for frost in the summer prime.
In the place of the early dew :
Oh ! the stars should shine with a pale, pale light,
When joy has been thus o'erthrown ;
And the mourner weeps in the silent night,
For his beautiful—alone !

The stars of the old year shone last night, ,
They were linked with thoughts of pain,
Like music we've heard in some happier hour,
But would never list again ;

Like flowers the hand of Love hath plucked,
That, when parted, we dread to see—
Precious, yet twined with all mournful thoughts,
Were their dying beams to me !

The stars of the new year shine to-night,
There is hope in their faintest gleams,
They come to my heart with their spells of light,
As linked with its angel dreams !
Sweet voices have broke on the weary day ;
I turn from the heavy Past,
While the stars of the new year softly say,
“ Wearied one, rest at last !”

January 1, 1841.

LINES.

I saw a broken flower,
I once had loved to rear,
The bitter blight of an autumn night,
Withered the plant so dear—
It faded in an hour :
But time went by, and summer's rain
Fell on the plant, it bloomed again ;
My tears were dried, my heart was light,
My flower was beautiful and bright !

I heard a gentle tone
Of music, low and soft,
But night drew on and the strain was gone ;
I lingered long and oft—
The thrill of the harp was done—
Yet mourned I not in bitterness,
For soon a dearer strain, to bless
My weary hours, came gently by.
And melted softly, mournfully.

I gazed upon a star,
 Bright in the evening sky,
 It led Night's host, it shone the most,
 Then melted and past by ;
 Away, away, and far
 From the blue Heavens, so soft and clear
 The calm, untroubled atmosphere—
 But when again night chilled the air,
 I looked above, the star was there !

But darker hours drew on,
 I heard the voice I loved grow low,
 The eye flashed bright, with a clearer light—
 How could death mock us so ?
 That cherished one is gone ;
 Not, like the flower, the star, the strain,
 Ever to bloom or come again !

LINES.

"HE THOUGHT UPON HIS BRIDE."

Among the volunteers killed at the taking of St. Cos, was Sir John Armitage.

This gentleman had served with great bravery on a former expedition, and was much and generally lamented. Happening to be present when the officers attached to this expedition came to take leave of the king, the brave old monarch, not knowing but that Sir John would accompany the expedition, turned to him and asked when he intended to set out; Sir John, taken by surprise, answered, "to-morrow," and unhappily kept his word, though at this time his mind was far differently engaged in making preparations for his marriage with Miss Howe, sister to the three brave Lords of that name. Many years after his death the lady married Sir William Pitt, but to the end of her life wore a splendid brilliant necklace, covered by a black collar, round her neck, the gift of her ill-fated lover.—*Correspondence of H. Walpole.*

He stood before his monarch's throne,
The gallant and the tried,
And owned the call that urged him on,
But thought upon his bride!

Oh! what to him the hope of fame,
Or proudest dreams beside,
The soldier felt a dearer flame,
He thought upon his bride!

But not of him, the nobly proved,
 False tale might recreant tell ;
 He went, and left to solitude
 The flower he loved so well.

But first that lady's neck he bound
 With glittering links of pride,
 Then turned and heard the trumpets sound,
 But thought upon his bride !

Well might that fair girl's blinding tears
 Fall as he onward past,
 Half smiling at her timid fears,
 She met him for the last !

For darker hours of trial came—
 The gallant soldier died ;
 He fell among his armed train,
 His last thoughts on his bride !

* * * * * * *

And Time swept on—again in hall
 And bower that lady stood,
 Not as when owning Love's sweet thrall,
 She pined in solitude.

The brightest form the gazer met,
Still one deep token proved;
How precious to her memory yet,
The gift of him she loved !

That glittering necklace, half concealed,
With all its links of pride,
The secret of his fate revealed,
Who thought upon his bride !

KORNER'S LOVE.

The betrothed of Korner was a young and beautiful actress, and when hardly recovered from the severe indisposition which the news of his sudden and melancholy death occasioned, she was obliged by the manager to play the part of Thekla, to an admiring audience.

TEARS for the sorrowful ! aye, Earth hath lone
And silent places, where the sad may weep,
Telling their bitter histories, as the stream
Glides by in music, and the winds of Heaven
Lift the soft tresses from the aching brow :
But can all seek those green and silent haunts ?
Are there no halls of light where throbbing hearts
Must break unseen ? Fair Antoinette ! thy tale,
Star of a minstrel's dream, a hero's love—
Were tears for thee ? The spacious hall was ringing
With the loud plaudit, and dark eyes shone bright
Through the soft mist of tears, and warrior hearts
Forgot their dreams of triumph as they called,
“ Again, again for Thekla ! ”

And she came,
Beautiful, beautiful as the embodied thought
Of the rapt poet, with her azure eyes

Lit up with sudden lustre, and her cheek
Rich with the hue of fever ; and her brow,
That soft, pure brow, that was so wont to bear
The quiet seal of thought, that night was flushed
With a high sense of wrong, and the sweet lips
Quivered with bitter feelings, as she bent
Gracefully to the throng, and played again
The part of Thekla, on the mimic stage.
Wreaths for the magic actress—wreaths, behold,
Tears from stern manhood, woman's gentle pulse
Throbbing with agony, and warrior heads
Bowed down in sudden sorrow, thrilling shouts
Of praise for Thekla, all to Thekla given ;
No tears for her—no sigh for Korner's Love—
No pity for the young and breaking heart,
Mastering its grief that night.

And yet *his* name,
Brave Korner of the Lyre and the Sword,
The minstrel soldier, whose proud early grave
Was like an altar, where the patriot heart
Might offer up its vows, whose deeds were linked
With all his country's music, and whose songs
Were like a clarion, calling to the field
True hearts and noble ; yea, *his* name but breathed
By those pale lips, had made the warrior grasp

Again his shining blade, and to the cheek
Of beauty called a triumph, that her land
Might boast the minstrel Korner !

But she stood,
In her heart's grief, among the glittering throng,
And honored but as Thekla.

Yet the eye
That shone that night, to him had been the star
Of all his glorious visions ; and her name,
As a high watchword in the battle's hour,
Nerved him to conflict, and her love had been
To him most precious, crowning, as he said,
His life with all the flower-wreaths of hope,
And the sweet buds of feeling.

She had listened
To the rich music of the voice that now
Was hushed for ever, till the earth had not
For her an echo like its tone. And now
Could she live on, when never more that brow
Might greet her own ? when in his honored grave
The hero slept, crowned with the laurel wreath
Of a bright early fame, and in his hand
The sword men called his " bride !"

Oh, mocking world

Ye had no wreaths for her, no couch whereon
The weary head might rest ; yet tears were giv
Unto the minstrel's father, when he told,
Proudly, his son's high deeds ; and words of pra
Flowed brightly o'er his loneliness, and tones
Of gentle kindness to a mother's ear,
Had power to soothe her sorrow, as she wept
Her brave, her beautiful ; and there were linked
Tales of soft pity with a sister's name,
And her enduring love.

But when the hour

Of the world's grief had past, and when the eye
Of the fond mother had forgot its tears,
And the brave father was resigned to yield
Such offering to his country, and the form
Of the sweet sister, like a lily bowed
Before a fearful tempest, sought repose
Beside her warrior brother, and men named
Sword, lyre, and flower together, there were tear
In the soft eyes that minstrel prized, and hours
Of holy vigil to his memory kept,
And lonely watches 'neath the stars of Heaven,
To tell who loved most deeply.

LINES

TO A LITTLE WILD FLOWER.

I wish I was this simple flower,
Born 'neath the sky of May,
Brightly to bloom my little hour,
Then quickly pass away.

I wish I was as low and small,
Its destiny to prove;
For surely none would mind at all,
Who did not mind to love.

I wish that I was guarded so,
From every cruel storm—
Mark how each taller plant doth throw
A shelter round its form.

And see ye not, this little flower
Can fold its petals bright,
When storms do rise, or clouds do lower,
Or draweth on the night.

It only lifts its meek bright eye,
Through summer days and spring,
It gazes ever on the sky;
Oh! 't is a happy thing!

I wish that I could change my form,
And blossom on the plain,
Live wild and happy though not long,
Then die ere Autumn came.

Or still more blest, be plucked to cheer
Some heart in lonely hour,
That sick of human strife and fear,
Would wish to be a flower!

THE QUEEN'S DEATH, AND THE CHILD'S.

When the Empress of Austria lay on her death-bed, she forbade her attendants to allow her to sleep in the last hours, saying that she wished to meet death awake; but when a little daughter of Charles I. was dying, she folded her hands upon her breast, and said she had not strength to say her long prayer, but she would say her short prayer before she died, "Lord, lighten all my darkness, and suffer me not to sleep the sleep of death."

A QUEEN lay on her dying couch, the shades were falling
fast

O'er cheek and brow, when from her lips the royal man-
date past,

And sadly every listener's heart thrilled at its import
high—

"Let me not sleep—let me not sleep, I feel that death
is nigh!

"Let me not sleep—let me not sleep, it may not, may
not be,

That one as I have been should pass away unconsciously,
I would awake, my past, past life comes thronging on
my view,

With all its proud and early dreams—its hopes of sunny
hue.

"I would awake, my spirit now would gather all its powers,
And the firm strength that never failed in life's most stormy hours,
So would I greet my latest foe, so yield my regal crown,
And at a mightier monarch's feet, lay kingly sceptre down.

"Let me not sleep—let me not sleep, before my closing eye,
Float dimly now and painfully, earth's scenes of pagantry,
No more for me a regal throne, I yield the signet ring,
Yet, yet awake I meet thee now, oh, Death! the mighty king!"

And the hushed lips no longer moved, the eye no more was bright,
And sadly gleamed o'er pallid brow rich floods of golden light,
But earthly pride had left its seal upon that forehead fair,
With all its calm and still repose—*Death* was the conqueror there.

A scene of softer purer light upon my vision shone,
And yet a dying couch beside, and 'neath a kingly dome,
A fair, fair child, too bright and pure to rest in earthly bowers,
Called to a better world away, like Spring's first early flowers.

! softly on her pure meek brow were golden ringlets
shining,
d closely round that gentle heart were many hopes
entwining,
: the fair hands were clasped in prayer, and meekly
she essayed
pray in dying hour as once in health and hope she
prayed.

night not be, the gentle voice was all too faint and
low,
ath's icy touch was stealing fast upon the polished
brow,
: smiling tranquilly, at last she prayed with faltering
breath.
h! lighten all my darkness, Lord, let me not sleep in
death!"

h! lighten all my darkness, Lord!" the prayer of
childish faith,
: sweet low tones have gained for her the victory
o'er death,
d like a pure bright flower she lay, as if untouched
by sin,
et only for that perfect world that she had entered
in!

TO A BOY FLYING HIS KITE.

Aye, swift be the motion and high the flight
Of thy beautiful and buoyant kite,
Fair boy, may it fly far, far beyond
This Earth, that in darkness hath pined so long,
Nor stop till it reaches yonder cloud
That floats above as in beauty proud;
And deepened thought gathers o'er thy face,
Hath it found in pure regions a dwelling place?
And will it away, and leave thee there,
To trace its last path in the summer air?
A foolish dream—and thy shout rings free,
Its flitting form again to see,
While thy thought turns glad to the cord in thy hand,
That a thing so wild is at thy command!
Blithe gladsome boy, upon thy brow
Lies childhood's pride, on thy cheek its glow;
And I love, as I look on thy rising kite,
To think it betokens thy spirit's flight,
Which must sink 'neath the touch of care and pain,
Like thy kite, but to rise and to soar again!

LAST HOURS OF A YOUNG POETESS.

"Alas! our young affections run to waste
Or water but the desert, whence arise
But weeds of dark luxuriance, tares of haste,
Rank at the core, but tempting to the eyes,
Flowers whose wild odors breathe but agonies,
And trees whose gums are poison, such the fruits
Which spring beneath her steps, as Passion flies
O'er the wild wilderness, and vainly pants
For some celestial fruit, forbidden to our wants!"—*Byron.*

THROW up the window! that the earnest eyes
Of the young devotee at Nature's shrine
May catch a last glimpse of this breathing world
From which she is removing.

Men will say
This is an early death, and they will write
The record of her few and changeful years
With wonder on the marble, and then turn
Away with thoughtful brows from the green sod,
Yet pass to daily business, for the griefs

That press on busy spirits, may not turn
Their steps aside from the worn paths of life,
Or bear upon the memory, when the quick
And selfish course of daily care sweeps by.
Yet, when they speak of that lost one, 't will be
With tones of passionate marvel, for they watched
Her bright career as they would watch a star
Of dazzling brilliancy, and mourn to see
Its glory quenched, and wonder while ye mourned
How the thick pall of darkness could be thrown
O'er such a radiant thing.

Is this the end
Of all thy glorious visions, young Estelle?
Hath thy last hours drawn on, and will thy life
Pass by as quickly as the perfumed breath
Of some fair flower upon the Zephyr's wings?
And will they lay thee in the quiet grave,
And never know how fervently thy heart
Panted for its repose?

Oh! let the peace
Of this sweet hour be hers, let her gaze forth
Now on the face of Nature for the last,
While the bright sunbeam trembles in the air
Of the meek coming twilight, it will soothe

Her spirit as a spell, and waken up
Impassioned thoughts, and kindle burning dreams
And call back glorious visions.

Marvel not
To see her color pass, and view the tears
Fast gathering to her eyes, and see her bend
In very weakness at the fearful shrine
Of memory, when the glory of the past
Is gone for ever.

Gaze not on her now,
Her spirit is a delicate instrument,
Nor can ye know its measure.

How unlike
That wearied one to the bright, gifted girl,
Who knelt a worshipper at the deep shrine
Of Poetry, and 'mid the fairest things,
Pined for lone solitude, to read the clouds
With none to watch her, and dream pleasant things
Of after life, and see in every flower
The mysteries of Nature, and behold
In every star the herald and the sign
Of immortality, till she almost shrank
To feel the secret and expanding might

Of her own mind ; and thus amid the flowers
Of a glad home grew beautiful. Away
With praises upon Time ! with hollow tones
That tell the blessedness of after years,
They take the fragrance from the soul, they rob
Life of its gloss, its poetry, its charm,
Till the heart sickens, and the mental wing
Droops wearily : and thus it was with her,
The gifted and the lovely. Oh ! how much
The world will envy those whose hearts are filled
With secret and unchanging grief, if Fame
Or outward splendor gilds them !

Who among
The throngs that sung thy praises, young Estelle,
Or crowned thy brow with laurels, ever recked
That wearier of thy chaplet than the slave
May be with daily toil, thy hand would cast
The laurel by with loathing, but the pride
Of woman's heart withheld thee !

Oh ! how praise
Falls on the sorrowing mind, how cold the voice
Of flattery, when the spirit is bowed down
Before its mockery, and the heart is sick ;

Praise for the gift of genius, for the grace
Of outward form, when the soul pines to hear
One kindly tone and true!

What bitter jest
It maketh of the enthusiast, to whom
One star alone can shine, one voice be heard
In tones of blessedness, to know that crowds
Of earth's light hearted ones are treasuring up
Against their day of sorrow, the deep words
Of wretchedness and misery which burst
From an o'erburdened spirit, and that minds
Which may not rise to Heaven on the wings
Of an inspired fancy, yet can list
With raptured ear to the ethereal dreams
Of a high soaring genius.

For this end
Did'st thou seek Fame, Estelle; and hast thou breathed
The atmosphere of poetry, till life
With its dull toil grew wearisome and lone?

* * * * *

Her brow grew quickly pale—and murmured words
That not in life dwelt on that gentle lip,
Are spoken in the recklessness of death.
They tell of early dreams—of cherished hopes

That faded into bitterness ere Fame
Became the spirit's idol, of lost tones
Of music, and of well-remembered words
That thrill the spirit yet.

Again it comes,
That half reproachful voice that she hath spent
Her life at Passion's shrine, and patient there
Hath sacrificed, and offered incense to
An absent idol—that she might not see,
Even in death—and then again the strength
Of a high soul sustains her, and she joys,
Yea, triumphs in her fame, that *he* may hear
Her name with honor, when the dark shades fall
Around her, and she sleeps in still repose ;
If some faint tone should reach him at the last
Of her devotedness, he will not spurn
The memory from him, but his soul may thrill
To think of her, the fervent hearted girl,
Who turned from flattering tones, and idly cast
The treasures of her spirit on the winds,
And found no answering voice !

Then prayed for death,
Since Life's sweet spells had vanished, and her hopes
Had melted in thin air, and laying down
Her head upon her pillow, sought her rest,
And thought to meet him in the land of dreams !

FIDELITY.

"In this trust
I bear—I strive—I bow not to the dust."—*Mrs. Hemans.*

lady sat in her bower and sighed,
the traitor knight to her thoughts replied,
"My lingers thy lord when the war is o'er?
Does he still from his native shore?
Are his swords are sheathed, and brave foes have spoken,
And he fully greeting, but scroll nor token
Has he cheered thee—dove of a lonely nest,
Where thou wert sheltered on his breast;
O, sweet lady! my thoughts rush fast,
And me, I pray, hath that fond love past?"

the lady answered, with kindling eye,
"He is far, he is far, but my trust is high:
I know ye that Love was so lightly given,
And hoping flow'ret, to fade at even!
But it hath lasted through sunshine and rain,
And it cannot blight, fears assail it in vain,
And yes my lord, still that fond faith is sure;
And y—away, it can well endure!"

"Bethink thee, lady, when Glory gleams,
How fades from the mind Love's idle dreams,
Guideth its pure ray the wanderer back,
Art thou the star of his varied track?
Aye, think ye, thy lord recalls the vow
Of his early days at the banquet now?
Comes its memory in with the sweet song's flow,
Sparkles its light in the wine-cup's glow?"

Proudly the lady's lip was curled—
"Back on thy head be the slander hurled,
Faithless and base. Lo! I spurn thee now,
What to my lord is the wine-cup's glow,
Tarries he still, then his footsteps fall
Not in stately court, nor in banquet hall;
Say'st thou Glory? I joy in his fame,
He went forth true—he will come the same!"

"Spurn me, aye spurn; thy young face doth wear,
Proud one, e'en now the dim shadow of care;
Those are pale spectres thy busy thoughts bring,
The love of thy heart is a troubled spring!
Beautiful lady, thy lord greets the light
Of smiles sweet as thine—joys in glances as bright—
Soft voices are breathing around him, no more
Comes thy tone to his heart. Is its melody o'er?"

"Tempter, away! lest thy doom should be sealed,
To the noble and true shall thy words be revealed;

Now, ere we part, that Love's fond faith shall burn
rely and bright, till the cherished return ;
My cheek may grow pale, and my heart yearn to meet
The wanderer's glances, his homeward steps greet,
That the trust shall not falter, the hope shall not fade
And the joy of re-union hath absence repaid !"

And fervently that woman's heart bore up through grief
and fear,
When Autumn's pale leaves strewed the ground, and Au-
tumn's skies were drear,
At last, I ween the wanderer's steps were heard within
his home,
Who had not been where wine-cups glowed, or beauty's
glances shone,
That in sadness, and in weariness, his hours had past
away,
In durance vile 'midst coward foes the true and noble
lay,
And to the lady and her lord what was the darksome
past,
The proof that Love when sternly tried, shines brighter
to the last.

LINES.

I MAY not gaze on thee,
Albeit thy smile is sweet,
For the glances of another
My spirit yearns to meet.

I may not list thy tone,
As once I paused to hear
The accents of a thrilling voice,
Now silent and most dear.

I may not smile on thee,
As once 't was mine to smile,
That token of a merry heart
Hath left my lips the while.

For I would ever be,
As bird in sheltered nest,
Or a bright flower folded safely
Upon a loving breast.

And when my gleam of sunshine
Hath left Life's troubled sea,
Then lonely be my future course—
What light may shine for me?

When in an hour, a moment,
A sudden change may fall,
And life, and love, and sunny hope,
Grow weary, weary all!

Who seeks again the flower,
Albeit his path is dim—
That faded in its summer hour,
Nor blessed, nor shone again.

Then lonely, lonely be my heart,
Or on a loving breast,
There only might my spirit feel,
Like bird in sheltered nest.

L I N E S.

When Mrs. Isabella Graham was once absent from the city, her daughter, Mrs. B——, was surprised at the number of persons, unknown to her, who came to inquire after her mother; she asked them how they knew Mrs. Graham; their answer was, we live in the lanes and suburbs of the city, and she has often visited and relieved us, and it was our custom to come to our doors, *and bless her as she passed.*

DAUGHTER of Faith! and was it thine
So rich a dower to gain,
As blessings on thy silent way,
From lips of care and pain,
Thus did'st thou walk on Earth, who now
Art with the Angel train!

While in the Savior's work below,
Thy willing footsteps moved,
Till care looked up, and sorrow smiled,
To greet thy form beloved;
Seeking no meed of earthly praise,
Alone by God approved.

From narrow lanes and lonely streets,
Did grateful offerings rise,
As silently 't was thine to pass,
In Charity's blest guise;
While thrilling hearts called down on thee
The treasures of the skies.

Daughter of Faith! by care untouched,
In Pleasure's stately hall
Full many a younger form was found;
Whilst thou, forsaking all
Earth's joys, did'st walk the silent streets,
Alive to Sorrow's call!

Daughter of Faith! no costly pearls,
No broidered robes were thine;
The orphan's prayer, the widow's tears,
Those gems which purely shine
Unto the eye of God alone
Were all thy jewels fine!

Blessings upon thy sainted name!
Daughter of Faith, 't was meet
That whispered voice and lowly lip
Should breathe thy praises sweet,

And with the incense of the soul,
Thy willing footsteps greet!

Oh, true disciple! earthly robe
'T is thine to wear no more;
But clad in raiment pure and white
Thy Savior's throne before,
Dost thou not greet that Savior's smile,
Who blest his suffering poor?

THE MISSION BRIDE.

When Mr. Judson first proposed for his wife, afterward so well known in the annals of missionary zeal, he stated very distinctly, both to herself and friends, the difficulties attending the enterprise, and placing in strong contrast the motives which should outweigh them all.

THE rich deep tones fell clearly
Upon the summer air,
And the listeners' hearts were thrilling
To the noble speaker there :
"I ask of thee thy daughter!"
The father's eye grew dim,
But woman's cheek such bright blush wore,
As Love alone might win.

"I ask of thee thy daughter—
Alas! that it were mine
To shield alike from care and pain
Such cherished gift of thine;
But, I ask of thee thy daughter,
To leave this home of love,
And bear afar the exile's heart,
At the call of God above!

"I ask of thee thy daughter,
And I know not for what doom—
Upon her future path and mine,
Alike, may come the storm;
But if her earthly bliss to guard,
Asked only Love unsleeping,
Then would I bear upon my heart
Her name in holy keeping.

"But earthly joy and earthly scene
No more my course may stay,
A voice upon mine ear hath been,
Its summons I obey;
And I ask of thee thy daughter,
That distant path to share,
Perchance to soothe the martyr's cell,
To join the martyr's prayer.

"Yea! I ask of thee thy daughter,
In the golden bloom of youth,
To bear with me to distant lands
The holy words of truth;
I ask of thee thy daughter,
And oh! for lot like this,
To one so beautiful and young,
I bring no earthly bliss.

"But the seraph spirit mounteth,
And woman's e'er hath been,
Like the ministry of angels,
In each dark and fearful scene;
To the captive's lonely cell
She hath come with words of light,
And the dying voice hath blessed her
In the watches of the night.

"So I ask of thee thy daughter,
To tread my path of pain;
Yea, I ask of thee thy daughter,
A heavenly crown to gain;
For shall the race of Faith alone
With feeble step be trod?
No! I ask of thee thy daughter,
For the altar of thy God!"

And brightly on the speaker's brow
Were bent the eyes he loved,
And from those eyes the fervent faith,
By years so nobly proved,
Was beaming, as her father cast
One sigh of earthly feeling,
Then solemnly and slowly spoke,
Unto his God appealing.

“As Mary poured her precious gifts
Upon the Savior's head,
So would I on that holy shrine
My costliest offerings spread;
Strengthen this feeble human heart,
Oh! Lord of Paradise!
I strive not with thy perfect will,
Take thou my *pearl of price!*”

Oh! Joy and Grief were strangely blent
With holy hope that night,
And still with Joy and Grief we trace
Their path of onward light,
Joy for the pledge so nobly kept—
Grief for the ties so riven—
And holy hope that every link
Is bound again in Heaven!

LINES.

And should they ask the cause of my return, I will tell them that a man may go far and tarry long away, if his health be good and his hopes high, but that when flesh and spirit begin to fail, he remembers his birthplace, and the old burial ground, and hears a voice calling him to come home to his father and mother. They will know by my wasted frame and feeble step, that I have heard the summons, and obeyed; and the first greetings over, they will let me walk among them unnoticed, and linger in the sunshine while I may, and steal into my grave in peace.—*Journal of a solitary man. American Monthly for July, 1837.*

A voice is on mine ear, a solemn voice;

I come, I come, it calls me to my rest,

Faint not my yearning heart, rejoice, rejoice,

Soon shalt thou reach the gardens of the blest:

On the bright waters there, the living streams,

Soon shalt thou launch in peace thy weary barque,
Waked by rude waves no more from gentle dreams,

Sadly to feel that Earth to thee is dark,

Not bright as once; oh! vain, vain memories cease,

I cast your burden down, I strive for peace.

A voice is on mine ear, a welcome tone,

I hear its summons in a stranger land,

It calls me hence, to die amidst mine own,

Where first my forehead, by the wild breeze fanned,

Lost the fair tracery of youth, and wore
 A deeper signet, in my manhood's prime;
To lay me down with those who wake no more,
 It calls me—those I loved, their couch be mine—
I hear sweet voices from my childhood's home,
And from my father's grave—I come, I come!

Blest be the warning sound, my mother's eyes
 Dwell on my memory yet, her parting tears,
And from the grave where my young sister lies,
 Who perished in the glory of her years,
I hear a gentle call, "Return! Return!"
 So be it; let me greet the village spires
Once more. I come—'t is wilding youth may spurn,
 When far, the burial places of his sires,
But oh! when strength is gone, and hope is past,
There turns the wearied man his thoughts at last!

So do we change! I hear a warning tone,
 Yea, I, whose thoughts were all of by-past times
Of ancient glories, and from visions lone,
 I come to list once more the Sabbath chimes
Of my own home, to feel the gentle air
 Steal o'er my brow again, to greet the sun
In the old places where he shone so fair,
 The while each wandering brook in music ran,
Answering to Youth's sweet thoughts, but all are fled
I come, my home, I come to join thy dead!

I heed the warning voice, oh! spurn me not,
 My early friends, let the bruised heart go free;
 Mine were high fancies, but a wayward lot
 Hath made my youthful dreams in sadness flee;
 Then chide not, I would linger yet awhile,
 Thinking o'er wasted hours, a weary train,
 Cheered by the moon's soft light, the sun's glad smile,
 Watching the blue sky o'er my path of pain,
 Waiting my summons; whose shall be the eye
 To glance unkindly—I have come to die!

Sweet words, *to die!* oh! pleasant, pleasant sounds,
 What bright revealings to my heart they bring,
 What melody, unheard in Earth's dull rounds,
 And floating from the land of glorious spring—
 The Eternal Home! my weary thoughts revive,
 Fresh flowers my mind puts forth, and buds of love,
 Gentle and kindly thoughts for all that live,
 Fanned by soft breezes from the world above,
 And passing not, I hasten to my rest,
 Again, oh gentle summons, thou art blest.

THE MARTYR OF SCIO.

A native of Scio, who was taken captive by the Turks, was induced by the advantages offered him, joined to the fear of death, to adopt the Mahometan faith; after a little time had elapsed he rushed into the presence of his captors and exclaimed, "Give me back my faith; give me back my faith!" Every effort was made to dissuade him, wealth and honors were offered him, but in vain, he continued firm. He was beheaded, and the Greeks of a neighboring convent obtained his body, and buried him at midnight with the forms of the Greek Church.

He tore the turban from his brow,
And trampled it in dust,
No fear was in his thrilling tones—
"Give back my early trust!"
Yea! give me back my faith again,
Let but my soul soar high,
'T were freedom then to wear the chain,
'T were victory to die!

"Give back my faith! A Savior's love
Who died on holy cross,
Strengthens this weak and feeble heart
To bear its earthly loss;

Alas! that I, of all my race,
 That pure faith hath betrayed,
 Who with a sainted sister knelt
 Beneath the myrtle shade.

"Before the memory of that hour
 My idle fears are gone,
 Welcome to me the touch of death—
 Welcome the martyr's crown!
 Away! the falsely spoken vow—
 Away! the Crescent's light!
 Sister, can'st thou look down from Heaven
 Upon an hour so bright?

"Dost thou in bliss, recall our prayer
 Beneath the myrtle tree,
 When fearful cries were in the air,
 And last I knelt with thee?
 Our vows to Him, who at the last
 Shall come with clouds of fire,
 While blazed the dwelling of our youth
 Round like a funeral pyre!

"Give back, give back my early faith—
 No longer in my dreams
 May come that soft eye's deep reproach,
 Its spiritual gleams—
 Oh! lightly falls the wrath of man,
 When shines a light above,
 I see my Savior's crown of thorns,
 I see his brow of love!

"I take again his holy cross,
I fain would share his crown,
My earthly gain I count as loss,
My life I lay it down!"
He paused before his eager foes,
And spurned with steadfast eye
The costly gift, the whispered threat,
Alike with courage high.

"My faith! I ask no other gift,
Your wealth is worthless now,
My faith—that I again may lift
To Heaven a tranquil brow;
This little life! your words how vain—
Yet were it lighter load,
What boots the smiling lip of man
Before the wrath of God?

"Lord! hath a follower of thine
So long a wanderer strayed,
And shall he ever pause again
To own thy faith betrayed?
No! every earthly fear hath past,
Light dawns upon my mind,
Yet witness all, that now I cast
Your false creed to the wind!

"Let sorrows come! my closing hours
Be filled with earthly gloom,
Lord! what am I, that thou should'st give
To me the martyr's doom?

Oh! blessed for ever be thy grace,
That I for truth may die,
And take me home to thine embrace,
Lest I again deny."

And he who pardoned Peter's sin,
Who granted Peter's prayer,
Turned not away his face from him
Who thus besought him there ;
And when the convent's bells that night
Tolled for a martyr's death,
Thanksgivings to the Lord of light
Proclaimed that martyr's faith!

ST. PETER HEALING THE CRIPPL

" And a certain man, lame from his birth, whom they laid daily at the gate of the temple which is called Beautiful, to ask alms of them which entered into the temple."

THE hour of prayer—and silent throngs were pouring
O'er far Jerusalem, to offer up
Their vows in its famed temple. Manhood came,
With his high purpose and his cherished aims,
Seeking a blessing ; and Old Age knelt down,
Praying for peace upon his silver hairs ;
And gentle youth, with all its opening buds,
Bowed at that altar-shrine : and Woman's heart,
With its deep gift of quenchless tenderness
Came, with the clasping tendrils of her love
Closely entwined around some cherished thing,
Praying for precious grace on that to fall,
Like dew from Hermon's hill.

Oh ! very fair
Looked the white temple, with its golden spires
Lost in the floating clouds ; and very fair
Was all the beautiful array of life
Passing through its wide portals. But a cloud
Was on the glorious picture ; for there lay

A sorrowing man, even at the Beautiful gate
Of that fair Temple, and the hopeless tears
Fell on his pallid cheeks. He had been lame
And helpless from his birth ; and early joys—
Th' upspringing gladness of the childish heart,
The sweet, sweet light of Hope—for him were dreams
That faded in his youth. But oh ! this morn,
With its delicious fragrance, brought again
Fond memories to his heart, it was so fair ;
And the pure cheek of Youth, fanned by its breath,
Flushing with softer crimson ; and the green
And shady fig-tree, with its ripening fruit,
Offering a shelter to the traveller ;
While the clear fountain sparkled in the light,
And the bright clouds looked joyous—made the heart
Of the sick man too sorrowful. There came
Vague, restless thoughts of all that he had heard
Of sinners cured, and of his case who lay
Even at Bethsaida's pool ; and troubled dreams
Came to him of the Lord of Life, whose name,
Even as a wonderful prophet, now was fast
Fading from people's hearts. They had forgot
The fearful earthquake, and the Temple's veil
Rent in the hour of darkness, and the graves
That opened, and the saints who rose and walked
Upon the earth again.

These mem'ries came

Like old traditions to the sorrowing man ;
And then he wondered if that angel brow
Had bent on him with mercy, and the tears
Coursed down his cheeks that from the earth had passed
The Hope of Israel, and he must lie
Even at the Beautiful gate, a helpless man,
Waiting and seeking the reluctant alms
Of the proud Pharisee, and the dearer mite
Of the poor widow dropped so silently
Into his hand, yet with the heart's warm prayer.
Oh ! had he known that yet that Prophet's name
Had power among his people—had he known
That the sweet echoes of the hymn they sung
Upon Mount Olivet were treasured yet
With all the faithful, and by them would be
Recorded through all time, how had his tears
Been stayed for joy !—how had he marked the two
That now were drawing to the Temple gate !—
One with a brow all mildness, and an eye
Raised to the Heaven above, as he would hold
Converse with Him who on the earth had named
John the beloved disciple ; but the brow,
The step, the eye of his companion, told
The sanguine Peter, with his eager faith
To walk upon the waters, and to share

Death for his Master's sake. And yet his mien
 Was deeply solemn now, like one who wore
 Ever upon his soul that dying look
 Of fond and sad reproach—like one who heard
 Upon his silent hours the warning tones,
 "Thou shalt deny me, Peter!" and whose hope
 Seemed only by his fervent zeal to show
 His warm sense of the pardoning love which washed
 Such bitter guilt away.

The pitying eye
 Of the Apostle John, with all its light
 Of heavenly love, turned on the helpless man ;
 But Peter, with a bold and earnest tone,
 Said to the sorrowing cripple "Look on us!"
 And silently and slowly gave he heed
 For his expected alms.

Th' Apostle spoke,
 "Silver and gold—the treasures of the earth—
 These are not mine to give thee, but grieve not,
 Such as I have is thine. Now in the name
 Of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, I say
 To thee, rise up and walk!"

He lifted up

The lame man from the ground, and to his feet
There came a living strength, and through his ve
The tide of life ran thrilling with a new
And conscious energy ; and he stood erect—
Even he, the helpless—at the Beautiful gate,
A strong man in his might.

Oh, life !—new life !—

How beautiful its kindling sense ! He stood
With his lips parted, leaping from the ground,
And murmuring, as in dreams, the blessed name
Jesus of Nazareth !

With th' Apostles then

He entered in the Temple, praising God
For the high miracle, and breathing still,
“Jesus of Nazareth !—thrice bless'd his name !”
And wondering at his strength in every limb,
He sank before the altar-shrine, o'erpowered,
Pouring his soul in prayer.

* * * * *

The people ran together, in their haste
And wonder, telling of the marvel wrought ;
And gazing upon Peter and on John,

Seemed as they thought that by some prophet touch,
Or the deep power of holiness, the deed
Was by th' Apostle wrought.

Then Peter stood,
Even in the Temple's porch, and solemnly
To the assembled throng he turned, and spoke
With a rebuking tone :

“Why look ye thus,
Ye men of Israel! as it had been
By our own might the marvel ye have seen?—
As if the power of God might dwell with us?
Know that the gift of healing e'er must be
From Him alone, and His rich mercy free.

“But He hath glorified
The holy one and true whom ye betrayed—
Who, by his one pure, sinless offering made,
His saints hath justified;
So hath been cured the helpless and the lame,
By faith in his high power and holy name.

“Could ye remember not
The words, by prophet, bard and seer foretold,
Of the Messiah who should come and hold

His reign on Earth, and in his lowly lot
Be spurned by man, yet looking unto Heaven;
Meekly fulfil the holy mission given ?

“ His is a name of might—
Jesus of Nazareth !—The stormy wave
Sunk at his footstep, and the silent grave
Gave up for him its treasures to the light ;
And this ye knew who silently denied
The Lord of Life—the Sinless crucified.

“ Now, in that holy name—
The name, oh Israel ! that ye still deny—
I bid ye to the only shelter fly !

He who hath cured the lame
Can look on ye with mercy, and can stay
Th’ avenging rod, and wash your sins away.

“ For he hath opened wide
The fountains of his mercy unto all,
And bids the heralds of his gospel call

And point the sinner to his bleeding side ;
So shall the helpless lay his burden down,
And bear the cross below—above, the crown !

“ Come to the fountain now !
Come, ere the stream of his rich grace be passed
Come, ere ye feel from God the threatening blast ;

Low at His altar bow,
And, in the name of Jesus, kneel and pray
That He may blot each fearful sin away."

* * * * *

The stricken crowd shrank trembling from the winged
And fiery eloquence of Peter's words,
And mem'ries came, to many a failing heart,
Of the meek Son of Man—how he had bent
Over the couch of sickness, and had laid
His healing touch upon the burning brow ;—
How patiently beside the lake's cool brink,
And by the mountain summit, he had taught
A thirsty people ;—in the garden shade
How he had watched in agony, and wept,
Even to tears of blood ; and on the cross
His last and dying prayer—"Forgive them, Lord !"—
Pierced their repentant hearts.

But human pride
Must do its office—human wrath must yet
Find fitting messengers: The hand of Power
Was on th' Apostles laid.

There was a scene
In the deep midnight and the prison's shade:
Unshrinking and unfearing in the gloom

And silence, singing orisons to God,
Peter and John were watching. By their side,
Clad in his shining robes, stood suddenly
The Angel of the Lord. Lo ! he unbound
The claspings fetters, and with spirit touch
Unclosed the prison doors, and on the hearts
Of the Apostles shed a gift of might
To bear reproach for Christ.

The morning came :
Th' Apostles sought the Temple, and with them
The lame man, too, bowed at the altar-shrine,
Praising his God anew. How fair the Earth
Looked now unto his eyes ! And many a heart,
In stony Israel touched, came on that morn,
Praying for mercy in the name of Christ,
And, bowing humbly at his holy cross,
Sought earnestly that he, whose grace could heal
The lame man at the Temple gate, on them
Might look with pardoning love, and send some voi
To say—"Thou art forgiven !—in the name
Of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, rise and live !"

L I N E S

Written after witnessing the ceremony of Confirmation, performed in Christ Church, Brooklyn, March 27th, 1840.

On ! softly through the sacred aisles
The setting sunbeams shone ;
It was a thrilling hour to all
Within the sacred dome ;
For meekly knelt a silent throng
To share a rite divine ;
And solemnly the prelate paused,
Who dealt the holy sign,
Ere, on each bowed and graceful head,
His consecrated hands he laid.

“Oh Lord ! defend thy servant now !”—
How fervent was the tone,
Urging that youthful throng to cling
With hope to Christ alone ;
To leave a false delusive world,—
Its smiles and perils dare ;
And as they signed the holy cross,
The cross indeed to bear ;
For God alone in mercy free
To them might shield and shelter be !

"Oh Lord! defend thy servant now!"—

The accents firm and clear,
Came as a warning sound to tell
Of toils and dangers near—
Of hidden thorns in pilgrim path
To pierce unguarded feet,—
Lord may thy precious grace be given,
When foes like these they meet!
For foes like these to all must be,
Who in this world would follow thee!

Ah me! it was a touching sight,
Again the sunbeams shine!—
I see the prelate robed in white—
The throng before the shrine;
And Manhood's fiery glance is there,
And Woman's bending grace!
Nor these alone, with faith and prayer,
Lord, in thy holy place,
Meet those who lingered on the way,
Yet sought and found thy grace to day.

"Oh Lord! defend thy servant now!"—

The tones are in my ears—
They bring again the blessed thoughts,
The scenes of other years!
It comes again! a kneeling band—
A home far distant now—

The pressure of a solemn hand,
The memory of a vow,
With thoughts of that unbroken chain
Which Earth may never link again.

Oh Lord ! the dew upon the flower,
The first fruits of the year—
Youth in its glorious morning's hour,
Were they not offered there ?
The fervent prayer, the contrite tear,
Paid on thine altar-shrine,
Are they not cherished in thine eyes ?
Then, Lord, with Love Divine,
Keep through thine own eternal grace
That band who bowed in holy place !

NIGHT.

Why should I seek my rest,
My thoughts are tranquil now,
And pleasant scenes in Memory's track,
And gentle hours come thronging back,
Forgotten long ago,
Till dreaming, waking, I am blest!

The holy, pensive Night;
Away with sleep for me—
I love the thoughts that round me press,
The mystery, and the loneliness,
The varied fantasy
That come when vanishes the light.

The day, the day I fear,
With all its bitter "carking care"—
Its weary round of toil, its gain,
Its strife, its pleasure, and its pain,
Its many thorns that wear
Into the struggling soul and rankle there!

Its heartless, hollow mirth,
Its tempting voice that to the ear will come,
Its gay delusions, but to pass away
Before the sunset tells of closing day,
Its rudely mingled hum,
Bringing the soaring spirit to the Earth !

Oh no ! the busy day
Hath few bright spells like these, most holy Night,
Few dreams of Heaven—no deep and thrilling tone,
Soothing the chilled heart, and the spirit lone,
Telling of worlds of light,
Where yet our wandering steps may find a way !

Deep Night, one breath of thine
On the flushed brow falls like a cheerful spell,
There drops a healing balsam from thy wing ;
A gift of thought, of peace 't is thine to bring,
Sounding the heart's deep well,
Lighting its depths with many a ray divine !

Then shall I call it given
For sleep, and seek my rest this holy time—
While the deep stars are looking from on high
Stop the thrilled ear, and close the musing eye ?
Is there not now some heart that once with mine
Did mingle, watching the wide, solemn Heaven ?

Give me, fond Memory, but *one* music tone,
Give one bright presence back. Now wave thy wail
Yet vain upon thy ruined shrine thy glow,
As if upon the sweet wild flowers that blow
Far midst the rocky cliffs, in mine own land,
Freshly and fair—the passing moonbeams shone

Oh, Night! thine is the power
To call long vanished scenes around the soul
With a new beauty, link the broken chain
Once more, and weave the silken bond again,
That o'er our spirits held a blest control
In Youth's fair morning hour!

Then is it not most meet,
That to the dreamer o'er vain hopes, but high,
And to the seeker after visions gone—
The pensive, lonely wanderer, whose home
Gleams not as once upon his waking eye—
Night *should* be sweet!

THE CAVALIER'S LAST HOURS.

— after reading in "Francesca Carrara," the death-scene of Francis Evelyn.

A DIRGE, a dirge for the young renown
Of the reckless cavalier,
Who passed in his youth and glory down
To the grave without a fear,
The smile on his lip, and the light in his eye—
Oh! say was it thus that the brave should die?

Midst the morning's pomp and flowers,
By fierce and ruffian bands,
In sight of his own ancestral towers,
And his Father's sweeping lands;—
Well that his Mother lay still and low,
Ere the cold clods pressed on her son's bright brow!

Oh! the tide of grief swelled high
In his heart, that dawn of day,
As he looked his last on the glorious sky,
And the scenes that round him lay;
But he trod the green earth in that moment of fear,
With a statelier bearing—the doomed cavalier!

For fearless his spirit then,
And bravely he met his fate,
Till the brows of those iron-hearted men
Grew dark in their utter hate
Of the gallant victim, who met his hour
With a song on his lips for his lady's bower!

The light of the festive hall,
The bravest in battle array,—
Was it thus that the star of his fate should fall,
Was it thus he should pass away?
A dirge, a dirge for his hopes of Fame,—
The grave will close o'er the noble name!

And the tide of life flow on
In its dull deep current, as ever,
Till every trace of his fate is gone
From its dark and ceaseless river.
But one may remember—oh, young cavalier—
Could'st thou gaze but once on the sleeper near!

That bright and fairy girl,
With no shadow on her brow—
Save the blue vein's trace and the golden curl,
She is dreaming of thee now.
She whispers thy name in her gentle rest;
But how will she wake from that slumber blest?

A dirge, a dirge for the young renown
Of the reckless cavalier !
He hath waved for the last his plumed bonnet around,
And his parting words they hear,
"save King Charles !"—a shriek ; a woman's cry
mingled with the martial sounds that rent the earth
and sky !

LINES ADDRESSED

TO

A YOUNG LADY DYING OF CONSUMPTION

The wing of death is on thee.—Prentiss.

Oh ! tell me, gentle lady, art thou dying
With that rich flush of beauty on thy cheek ?
Is it thy knell this low soft wind is sighing ?
Must thou depart so soon ? Speak, lady, speak
How can they say the grave's dark shadows lie
In the clear kindling glories of thine eye ?

Must thy light footsteps go
From the bright places of the earth away ?
Is there no fountain here whose gentle flow,
Blest with some healing gift can bid thee stay
Hath Love no might at the meek shrine of prayer-
Say ; doth it pour its passionate fervors there ?

In vain, and, with that radiance on thy brow,
 Must thou meet Death, and from the living throng
 Of Earth's fair ones be taken, smitten now

From her bright breathing ranks in silence down.
 Such lot for thee! Sure hath the arrow sped—
 Yet silently, thy gentle voice hath said,

"There is no hope." Upon thy spirit now

Dim shadows steal, and dark mysterious dreams
 Visit thy slumbering hours—bliss or woe

Blent strangely—visions, or the lightning gleams
 Thought catches of a distant world, far, far
 Beyond Earth's precincts, or the nearest star!

Lonely communings of the heart are thine—

Deep, quiet thoughts. I trace upon thy brow
 A thrilling presence, answering not to mine,

Something too high and holy, thou art now
 Sealed for the grave, calmly to that far bourne,
 Lady, thou passest—fearless, yet alone!

Still, still about thee shining

There's a strange glow of life, a brilliancy
 As in the summer sky, the sun's declining

Shows brighter than the glories of the day,
 The radiant West! its rich and gorgeous dye—
 How doth it sadden me that glowing sky

With a cold dream of death ! its passing light
So brilliant, like the hectic on thy cheek
-Linked to decay ;—of darkness and of night
'T is but the harbinger—that sunset streak—
Sweet friend ! the gushing tears o'erflow thine eye—
Doth thy heart fail thee as the time draws nigh ?

Alas ! it is not for the young and fair
Never to shrink from death. Sweet tones will thrill
Upon their hearts, stirring each fountain there
To its bright sources ; after years may fill
The spring with bitterness, but now its power
Pours fragrance out on every tree and flower.

Lady ! the world is glorious to thine eye—
So shalt thou pass away, before the glow
Of Hope fades from thy mind—the buoyancy
Of Youth : and oh ! repine not, thou hast known
Nought but the beauty and the joy of life,—
Seek not to feel its dimness and its strife !

LINES,

Written after reading the account of the young men who were shot at Tampico on the 11th of December, the first martyrs to the cause of liberty in Texas. These young men were all Americans, and met their fate with great bravery; one of them, in particular, exhibited heroic courage, and died encouraging his companions, refusing to have his eyes bandaged; he asked the soldiers if they thought he was afraid to look death in the face.

TAKE off the bandage from my forehead free,
And let me with a firm unblenching eye
Look on the glorious sun before I die—
Before my blood streams o'er the verdant sod,
Whence it shall rise a witness unto God!

Take off the bandage! wherefore should I dread
To look on death? Hail! glorious monarch near;
Slaves, I have brought no coward spirit here—
This hour is welcome, it shall prove how pure
The patriot flame that can so well endure!

Take off the bandage—give the token word—
Mark if I quail, but let me die unbound,
A portion of the glorious world around!

Bright Earth, I go ! but God a strength hath given
Unto my heart, I can look up to Heaven !

And bravely die, while yet the quiet hour
Brings to my mind sweet visions ; far away
Art thou, my Mother ! and each sinking ray
Of sunset light, that I can see no more,
Sheds beauty on the roses at thy door !

E'en now, perchance, thy wandering thoughts may r
On him, sweet Mother, who no more can come
Over the green hills of his native home,
But yields his life unto a radiant shrine—
Dying for Freedom in a foreign clime !

Not on the battle field,
Nor in the open plain, 'mid clashing swords
And pealing clarions, and exalting words—
Not there, oh comrades ! o'er each lowly grave
Our country's starry banner may not wave !

Deceived, betrayed, still let our hearts be firm !
If to the fearful even it were sweet
Amidst the stirring fight his fate to meet,
Is not our lot to *die*, when all is lost,
More glorious still, with no victorious host

Cheering us on? let the faint-hearted droop,
We shrink not! Spirits of the mighty Past!
We hear your tones, brave fathers! on the blast;
Smile on your sons, yea, from the blessed sky
Look on their conflict, strengthen them to die!

For ye, too, sisters, gentle ones at play,
We would be firm, no brother's shadowed name
Shall o'er your bright brows cast the cloud of shame,
Farewell!—for him who battles for the free
We leave our cause, with him is victory!

THE FAIRY'S FUNERAL.

It was one among the many visionary fancies of the painter Blake, that he once saw a Fairy's funeral, as here described.

THE dreamer walked, at closing day,
Among the folding flowers,
While yet its last and brilliant ray
Lingered 'midst summer bowers;
No bitter care, no jarring tone
Disturbed him—he was there alone,
His thoughts were hushed in sweetest rest,
Nature was bright—her votary blest!

A strain of music filled
The quiet sunset air,
The listener's ear was thrilled—
Who were the players there?
No step was near, no voice to greet,
But when was minstrelsy so sweet?

So low, so soft, so sad the sound,
He paused—the leaves were stirred around ;
He bent to earth, unclosed a flower,
Its azure bell proved fairy bower,
And first to mortal eye were shown
The wonders of a world unknown !

Beneath that folded leaf

He saw a moving throng,
And listened to their music's breath,
As the fairies stole along ;
A bright and sparkling crowd, I ween,
But where in that array, the queen ?

On a rose leaf bed
Reposed the dead,
The tone of song
From her lips has gone,
And the crown from her lovely head ;
But those who wept her, by her side
Had placed her fairy wand of pride.

Entranced the dreamer heard,
As the bright throng glittered by,
That sweet, low fairy dirge,
And its sad melody,

As with many songs, and fairy grace
They chose the greenest resting place,
Where summer flowers bloomed bright and fair
And sunbeams melted in the air,
And gently laid the burden down,
And then the radiant scene was done,
The melody was heard no more,
The list'ner paused—the spell was o'er;
But gentle memories and song
Clung to his heart and lingered long.

Sweet dreamer! would such thoughts could come
To soothe me when I muse alone.

L I N E S

Written after visiting Newburyport, August 23, 1839.

SWEET were the airs of home, when first their breath
Came to the wanderer, as her gladdened eye
Met the rich verdure of her native hills,
And the clear glancing waters brought again
A thousand dreams of childhood to the heart
That had so pined amid the city's hum
For the glad breath of home, the waving trees,
And the fair flowers that in the olden time
Blew freshly 'mid the rocky cliffs.

All these
Had seemed but Fancy's picture, and the hues
Of Memory's pencil, fainter day by day
Gave back the tracery, in the crowded mart
There were no green paths where the buds of home
Might blow unchecked, and a forgotten thing
Were Spring's first violets to the wanderer's heart,

Till once again amid those welcome haunts
The faded lines grew vivid, and the flowers—
The fresh, pure flowers of youth, brought back again
The bloom of early thoughts.

Oh ! brightly glanced
Thy waters, river of my heart, and dreams
Sweeter than childhood conneth, came anew
With my first sight of thee, bright memories linked
With thy familiar music, sparkling tide !
The rocks and hills all smiled a welcome back,
And Memory's pencil hath a fadeless green
For that one hour by thee !

Oh ! gentle home,
Comes with thy name fair visions, kindly tones,
Warm greetings from the heart, and eyes whose light
Hath smiled upon my dreams.

Yet golden links
Were strangely parted, music tones had past,
And ties unloosed, that unto many a heart
Were bound with life, the musing child no more
Might watch the glancing of the distant sails,
And dream of one, whose glad returning step
Made ever the fair sunshine of her home ;
The sister's heart might thrill no more to meet
One voice, that in the silence of the grave
Is hushed for ever, and whose eye's soft light

Come with its starry radiance, when her soul
Pines in the silent hour, and there waves
O'er the last resting place of one, whose name
Is music to the ear of love, the green
And pensive willow, bending low its head
As it would weep the loss of that fair flower
Which, far removed from her own native clime,
Drooped in a land of strangers.

Home, sweet home !

There are sad memories with thee ; Earth hath not
A place where Change ne'er cometh, and where Death
Doth cast no shadow ! yet the moonlight lieth
Softly in all thy still and shaded streets,
And the deep stars of midnight purely shine,
Bringing a thought of that far world, where Love
Bindeth again his lost and treasured gems,
And in whose "many mansions" there may be
A home where Change ne'er cometh, and where Death
May leave no trace upon the pure in heart,
Who bend before their Father's throne in Heaven !

LINES WRITTEN IN AUTUMN.

An old man's thoughts in Autumn ! shall I give them
they flow,
While I walk among the dropping leaves, and 'neath
withered bough,
And listen to the dreary wail of the melancholy wi
Like a passing dirge for Summer's pride unto my mu
mind.

An old man's thoughts in Autumn ! aye, when the Spri
first hours

Were waking from their Winter's sleep the beautiful yo
flowers ;

I wept that in the balmy air no precious gifts might b
To call the spirit of my youth, its freshness back to m

I wept to see the silver streams released from every ch
And sweeping on in flashing pride to meet the glor
main,

It was an old man's fantasy, but how I wished to l
My weary aching limbs once more in some transpa
wave,

That might give back my vanished strength, some fabled
fount of youth,
Such as in early days they sought, ere shone the star of
truth,
For mournful seemed it to my soul that Earth and all her
flowers
Should boast so many springs above this fleeting one of
ours!

And every year for Life anew, be decked in beauty's
bloom,
When every year our pilgrim feet draw nearer to the
tomb!
When Life to us doth darker grow with every fleeting
day,
Her glories all like setting suns that soon will pass away!

An old man's thoughts in Autumn! should they be dark
and drear,
When the cloudless blue of Heaven proclaims the Sabbath
of the year,
When the very winds do seem to float from the Islands
of the Blest,
So softly that Earth's weary ones pine for their place of
rest,

And pray from life to be released, e'en as the flowers
have died,

To find in the flush of youth a grave by some lone foun-
tain's side,

So they might reach a purer world where the living
fountains flow,

And feel no more the burning thirst, or the pining spirit
know !

Give Youth his wild impatient prayer—I linger calmly
now,

Feeble and fluttering in the breeze, like the last leaves
on the bough,

Likening the few pale Autumn flowers that in the woods
are met,

To the pure unfading joys that bloom o'er my lonely
pathway yet !

Give Youth his sparkling pleasures still, I mark the rising
moon,

It lights the exile on his road, the hunter to his home,

But in my solitary walk I greet its gentle ray,

A lamp to guide my weary feet upon their homeward
way !

Pausing to gain the scene no more in meditative mood,
I wander by the fading trees, and "aster in the wood,"

deem Earth's temple glorious still, though Change and
Death were there,
feel my fervent thoughts ascend in humble earnest
prayer,

him who sits in Heaven above the fleeting scenes of
earth,
makes her dim and changeful hours to kindling
thoughts give birth,
Hope walks 'mid the falling leaves, and lifts her
thrilling strain,
turn not, oh man! as these revive, so shalt thou live
again!"

THE OLD DAYS WE REMEMBER

The old days we remember,
How softly did they glide,
While all untouched by worldly care,
We wandered side by side.
In those pleasant days, when the sun's last rays
Just lingered on the hill,
Or the moon's pale light with the coming night
Shone o'er our pathway still.

The old days we remember,—
Oh! there's nothing like them now,
The glow has faded from our hearts,
The blossom from the bough;
In the chill of care, midst worldly air,
Perchance we are colder grown,
For stormy weather, since we roamed together,
The hearts of both have known.

The old days we remember,—
Oh ! clearer shone the sun,
And every star looked brighter far,
Than they ever since have done !
On the very streams there lingered gleams
Of light ne'er seen before,
And the running brook, a music took,
Our souls can hear no more !

The old days we remember,—
Oh ! could we but go back
To their quiet hours, and tread once more
Their bright familiar track,
Could we picture again, what we pictured then,
Of the sunny world that lay
From the green hill-side, and the waters wide,
And our glad hearts far away.

The old days we remember,
When we never dreamed of guile,
Nor knew that the heart could be cold below,
While the lip still wore its smile !
Oh ! we may not forget, for those hours come yet,
They visit us in sleep,
While far and wide, o'er life's changing tide,
Our barks asunder keep.

Still, still we must remember
Life's first and brightest days,
And a passing tribute render
As we tread the busy maze ;
A bitter sigh for the hours gone by,
The dreams that might not last,
The friends deemed true when our hopes were n
And the glorious visions past !

LINES,

Written after examining the beautiful portraits adorning the pages
of the English Annals.

"Oh! what a pure and sacred thing
Is beauty, curtained from the sight
Of this gross world, illumining
One only mansion with its light."—*Moore.*

ARE England's daughters these
Upon the pictured page,
Spread out to win the passing look,
To charm the careless gaze?
Are these her types of loveliness?
Are these her gems of pride?
Displayed, that strangers may confess
How fair each blushing bride!

What says the lordly father,
Who hath watched one bud at even,
Guarding its leaves with tender care
E'en from the winds of Heaven,
To see at last the semblance
Of that fair sheltered flower
Open to every idle glance,
To lure a weary hour.

Or what the son and brother?
If far away, the while
He meets such picture of his mother
When thrilling for her smile,
Or will his yearning heart rejoice
To view his sister's form
Arrayed to win the flatterer's voice,
Now dearer than his own?

Or, being the fervent lover,
Whose heart one name hath kept,
Bowing, as at an holy shrine,
Watching while others slept,—
Here, let him on his idol gaze,
While sighing for her hand
She shines forth on the open page,
As loveliest of the land!

Turns he not hence his aching eye,
Feels not his spirit now,
A beauty from the face hath past,
A glory from the brow?
Oh! knights of old! were lance and spea
Ere couched at lady's hest,
That lineaments however dear,
Might shine on every breast?

Away! away such emblems far
From all my country's daughters,
Lending a wing to Folly's flight
Across the dark blue waters;

Away! for softer visions come,
And welcome tones are showing,
How brightly in each cottage home
Are England's roses blowing.

How proudly many a castle old
Its fair frail flowerets keepeth,
While turning from such views away
The country's Genius weepeth,
Bidding the softer visions rise,
No pencil yet hath shown,
Smiling upon the sunny eyes
That beam for Love alone!

BALLAD.

"A dream
In its most ravishing sweetness rudely broken."—*Willis.*

"AWAY! away! those sad wild notes, I weary of t
all,
Glad strains and cheerful notes alone may suit the fest
hall!"—

Thus spoke a lady fair and bright to one who by
stood,
Playing the minstrel lover's part, in waywardness
mood.

"No more! no more!" she spoke again, "no more
mocking song,
Too proudly careless of our will its measures flow al
Oh! give me gentle tones to-night, not bitter word
say
How gladly now thy willing heart would cast Lo
chain away!

"No more,"—'t was vainly urged I ween—for heedless
her will,
Though seemingly her worshipper, he sang that mea
still,

But on a fairer brow than hers, I marked his gaze was
thrown,
As he would mark once more those eyes so timidly cast
down.

Watching the quick and sudden flush that deepened o'er
her cheek,
And the quivering of the gentle lip that vainly now would
speak
To him, who could stand coldly by, and sing those part-
ing words
In careless scorn, and heeded not her young heart's break-
ing chords.

Was it a dream, that unto her alone that song was sung,
She who so lately on his truth her fervent love had
flung,
She who alone of all that throng could hear that bitter
strain,
And feel the import of those words upon her throbbing
brain.

Oh world! strange world! a word can make thy mock-
ing glories pass,
Like morning's shadowy mists away, or the breath stain
on the glass,
So was it with that gentle girl,—the youthful and the
fair—
Standing amid the festive crowd, alone in her despair!

But oh! how beautiful to view, beneath the golden flow
Of soft and starry light, that fell upon her polished brow,
Shedding a fairer radiance down, o'er all her beauty's
bloom,

As, lost in pensive thought, she stood within that stately
room;

Pining to go forth from them all, unbind each glittering
tress,

And weep in burning tears away her sudden hopelessness,
To lie down on the green, green earth, and 'neath the
stars of Heaven,

And yield up to her Maker's hand the being He had
given!

Ah me! another lot was hers, a wearier, sadder task—
The weight of lonely hours to bear, and in the world's
gay masque,

Henceforth to live as others live, with others act a part,
Smiling 'mid life's vain mockeries,—the arrow at her
heart!

But yet no shadow on her brow, no sorrow in her tone,
To whisper that her bosom's hope and buoyancy had
gone;

For trampled hearts learn bitter lore, and in her beauty's
pride,

Alike she cast Love's broken chain and worthless dream
aside!

But years bring changes to us all, and on the book of
Fate

Were readings bright for her at last, the fair and desolate,
And dearer hopes and prouder thoughts had quenched
her early tears,

When in a foreign land they met—the loved of other
years.

Met! but no more the faithless heard Love's soft and
faltering tone,

No more he marked those glorious eyes beneath his gaze
cast down,

His glances past unheeded by, and on the varying cheek
He read no more the tender tale that words might never
speak.

Oh! worthless proved the cherished hopes that lured him
o'er the sea,

No more to him her gentle smile a guiding star might be,
And altered from the wayward youth who sang that care-
less strain,

He sighed o'er woman's blighted love that might not
bloom again!

THE FATHER'S RETURN.

I PAUSED upon the threshold of my home,
Under the quiet shelter of the vine
Wreathed over its low dome,
And prayed that on my head a gift divine
Of peace might fall. How could I enter there
With the dark earthly burden of my care?

Sweet sounds fell on my ear,
They were my children's voices of wild glee,
And silvery, yet my spirit sank to hear
The sudden melody
Of their clear tones, oh ! not for young flowers bright
And fair like these, was the world's bitter blight !

Sportive and lovely beings, yet awhile
At rest ye might remain,
Meeting with joy each known familiar smile,
And in the greenness of the Earth's domain

Finding rich pleasure, and with raptured eyes
Reading the opening glories of the skies.

But oh ! how soon will fall
The veil that dazzles even as ye gaze,
How soon the splendors of the world will pall,
And pining doubt, the bitterness, the haze
Of Earth obscure your visions, but no gleams
Of dark futurity now shade your dreams.

All this will come,—and fast
I marked my laughing children as they stood
Watching the sunlight fade, till in my mood
Of thoughtful sadness, wayward visions past,
E'en as I heard their voices ringing free,
While the red sunlight lingered o'er the sea !

Yet even then I felt the cheerful spell
Of each glad tone, felt all its music fine ;
Oh ! that from childhood's pure, untroubled well
I still might drink !—another lot was mine,
And it had fevered me, the doubt, the care,
The struggle of the world—would I could bear

These things more calmly, to my aching sight
All men seemed foes, on the world's heaving tide
My soul grew dark, I loathed the cheerful light
Of day, and my unquiet heart aside
From the still streams of peace had turned, till now
I felt its living coolness on my brow.

Meek Thought, and the soft voices of my home
Soothed me at last, oh ! if the buds that die
Bear tracery of His hand who rules our doom,
We shall not perish as a breeze flits by,
Life would not thus press out the Spirit's power,
The breaking censer shows the expanding flower !

THE LADIES' ANSWER

TO THE

BUNKER HILL APPEAL.

"The trumpet call
Of Freedom hath gone forth."—*Whittier.*

We are coming, we are coming,
We have heard the thrilling call ;
We are coming from the hill-side,
We are coming from the hall.
The city pours its thousands,
And the hamlet sends its pride,
As fought our patriot sires of old,
In battle, side by side ;
Again the call hath waked us,
As it waked our fathers then,
When the voice that thrilled the mountains
Thrilled the valley and the glen.

We are coming, we are coming,
The daughters of the brave,
The memory of the patriot dead
From cold neglect to save ;
Holy and dear to all our hearts
Those hero-sires of old,
Who left "the herd upon the lea,"
"The ploughshare in the mould ;"
We are coming to the rescue,
We answer for the free ;
The green graves of the slaughtered dead
A hallowed shrine must be.

We are coming, we are coming,
Again their deeds to tell,
Till the solid marble beareth
Their names where first they fell,
Joying to pour their hearts' blood forth
On soil so rich and free,
And watering with that noble stream
The tree of Liberty !
Now from each household of our land
Beneath its ample shade,
We are coming, we are coming,
Be the thrilling answer made.

We are coming, we are coming,
 To breathe its hallowed air;
We are coming, we are coming,
 From homes beautiful and fair;
We are coming, we are coming,
 High thoughts our bosoms fill,
One watchword wakens every heart—
 The name of Bunker Hill!
There Freedom's fire was lighted,
 And its flame was broad and high,
Till a wakened and a rescued land
 Sent up its battle cry!

“Old Massachusetts,” dost thou need
 To gem thy “lordly crown,”
Aught richer than that battle field
 Which tells of thy renown?
Home of the pilgrim sires who crossed
 The waste and trackless sea,
Was it not meet that on thy soil
 The first brave strife should be?
Dear to thy children in thy home,
 Dear to thine exiles far;
To Freedom's sons in every age
 It shines a beacon star.

We are coming, we are coming,
To raise an altar shrine,
Sacred to Freedom's honored name,
On hallowed soil of thine !
We are coming, we are coming,
That thy martyrs brave and free,
In the record of the future
Shall e'er be linked with thee,
That upon thy glory never
One dimming shade may fall ;
We are coming from the hill-side,
We are coming from the hall !

L I N E S

upon seeing a picture of the Indian Chief Osceola, drawn by
Vinton of the U. S. Army, representing him as he appeared in the
rican camp.

Nor on the battle field,
s when thy thousand warriors joyed to meet thee,
Sounding the fierce war-cry,
Leading them forth to die—
ot thus, not thus we greet thee.

But in a hostile camp,
onely amidst thy foes,
Thine arrows spent,
Thy brow unbent,—
et wearing record of thy people's woes.

Chief! for thy memories now,
While the tall palm against this quiet sky
Her branches waves,
And the soft river laves
he green and flower-crowned banks it wanders by,

While in this golden sun
The burnished rifle gleameth with strange light,
And sword and spear
Rest harmless here,
Yet flash with startling radiance on the sight;

Wake they thy glance of scorn,
Thou of the folded arms and aspect stern—
Thou of the deep low tone,*
For whose rich music gone,
Kindred and friends alike may vainly yearn?

Wo for the trusting hour!
Oh! kingly stag! no hand hath brought thee down:
'T was with a patriot's heart,
Where fear usurped no part,
Thou camest, a noble offering, and alone!

For vain yon army's might,
While for thy band the wide plain owned a tree,
Or the wild vine's tangled shoots
On the gnarled oak's mossy roots
Their trysting place might be!

Wo for thy hapless fate!
Wo for thine evil times and lot, brave chief;
Thy sadly closing story,
Thy short and mournful glory,
Thy high but hopeless struggle, brave and brief!

* Osceola was remarkable for a soft and flute-like voice.

Wo for the bitter stain
hat from our country's banner may not part ;
Wo for the captive, wo !
For burning pains, and slow,
re his who dieth of the fevered heart.

Oh ! in that spirit-land,
/here never yet the oppressor's foot hath past,
Chief, by those sparkling streams
Whose beauty mocks our dreams,
[ay that high heart have won its rest at last.

•

LINES,

WRITTEN BY REQUEST.

Founded upon a Romantic Incident.

THE lady paused, where shall I write my name?
'T was the soft sunny spring-time of the year,
And well the scene might some faint record claim
With the dim cave, and the dark woods so near.

While on the pleasant air were sweet tones ringing,
And pleasant smiles were lighting up the scene,
And unto gentle hearts fond Hope was singing
Her softest lay, the echo of a dream!

And should the bright hour pass without a trace,
Its sole memento Memory's page alone?
No! fondly sought the lady for a place
To grave her name upon the enduring stone.

But the firm rock refused the letters fine,
And for a moment paused that lady fair,
While one beside her smiled, "ah ! friend of mine
From whence that mocking brow, I'll write it there !"

She gaily threatened, then as Naiads write
On pearly shell some fair and mystic sign,
She traced upon his brow with fingers light,
The magic name and symbol, "Caroline."

"Sweet lady," urged he then, "this name of thine
May from my forehead pass, like words in air,
But in my heart it hath a dearer shrine—
By Love's soft pencil traced, 't is deathless there !"

L I N E S,

Written after reading an account published in the New-York W
Messenger, of August 1, 1833, containing the death of a young
sionary, who, after leaving his home and friends in Connecticut, di
the wilds of Illinois, a martyr in the cause of Christ.

He lies afar in the forest deep,
Away from his native home,
By the prairie stream in dreamless sleep,
He is resting still and lone.
There in the path of the cold snow drift,
Where the wild stream wanders by,
And the eternal trees uplift
Their branches to the sky.
In that wild spot, so lone, so drear,
Where never yet a human tear
Had bathed the monumental stone
Raised over friend or brother gone ;
And never yet a human sound
Had echoed on the still profound,
We laid him quietly to rest,
The quickly called, the early blest !

And deeply sorrowing memory
Was o'er our spirits then,
And troubled dreams of destiny
Which from the haunts of men
Had called our brother, in the glow
Of holy fervor, and the flush
Of youth, and when upon his brow
We laid the curls, our thoughts did rush
In bitterness, and dreams would come
Of those who cheered his early home,
And now perchance had breathed in prayer
His name, but could not see him there !

No mother bending o'er him,
 And no father by his side,
With the trackless wild before him,
 The Christian warrior died.
His armor on his breast,
 His feet for duty shod,
And his heart with zeal impressed,
 He waited here his God !
And when our wandering thoughts go back
And tread the prophet's ancient track,
Or list to that Apostle's strains
Who spurned at fear, and scoffed at chains,
And told, nor bond nor pain could shake
His hope, nor death for Jesus' sake.

Shall we lament the early crowned,
Weep that our brother's rest is found,
Grieve that in loneliness he died
Far from his own blue river's side,
When to his closing hour was given
Perchance the hopes, the bliss of Heaven!

Joy! for the youthful Martyr laid
So tranquilly at rest,
The Christian's prayer is o'er him said,
And his early dreams are blest!
And from that narrow mound
The forest flowers shall spring,
And the forest trees around
Their lofty shelter fling;
And his name shall be a token,
And his memory a spell,
Of faith to death unbroken,
When the solemn tale they tell!
The throngs who stood beside us then
Subdued and hushed, those hardy men,
Awe-struck that he so still should lie,
Who came to teach them, and to die!

L I N E S,

Written on visiting Brooklyn Heights for the first time

I stood on the green heights
Alone, and gazed upon the spires beyond,
As poured the sun his parting glories round,
And shed his mellow light,
Profusely rich, on all above, below,
Till hill and wave were mantled with his glow.

Deep thoughts came o'er me then,
That made me lightly pass the brilliant sky—
The purple waves—the illumined city by,
For dreamings of the past awoke again
Thoughts of the noble dead—whose memory
Cherished and hallowed in these haunts should be.

The little isle* afar,
Lit up with sunset gleams, and crowned with trees,
That lightly waved with every passing breeze,

* Governor's Island.

Looked not as once when War
Breathed his harsh discord on this quiet air,
Waved his dark wand, and placed his warder there.

Not then, as now, were seen
The glancing sails in fair and open sight,
Catching a momentary gleam of sunset light,
Lending a shadowy beauty to the scene,
Or passing on in peace—but ships of war
Kept their stern watch, and held their course afar.

Then the deep watch-word rung
On the calm silence, and the cannon's roar
Sounded its heavy peal along the shore,
And in a harsher tone these words were sung,*
That blended with the soft flute's harmony,
Float sweetly o'er this hushed and gilded sea.

Come musing Fancy, now,
And lift the veil of years, that I may be
Amid the patriot band, their ardor see
When their crushed hopes lay low,
And quelled their thoughts of victory, till prayer
Burst from stern hearts that quailed not to despair.

* Allusion is here made to the tune of "Scots wha hae," which some gentlemen, who were sailing by on the river, were singing, accompanied by a flute.

'T is past ! but noble worth
Leaves hallowed memories round it, weaves a spell
In the deep heart, whose after deeds will tell
Of higher hopes than earth,
Of loftier influences breathed round it there,
Than may be scattered on the common air.

What though the brave were gone,
The chief revered laid in his hallowed rest,
Followed by all his band, their memories blest,
Still lived and lingered on
Within the precincts where the battle cry
Summoned the noble for his home to die.

Still shall they linger there,
Holy and fading not—like these sweet flowers,*
That deck with brilliant hues the summer bowers,
Shedding a fragrance on the quiet air,
Yet passing soon, leave thoughtful hearts to say,
Earth's signet was upon the leaves—decay !

They shall live on—this throng
So full of hope must pass—the laughing child
Borne on the wings of careless mirth—the wild

* The floral embellishments of the residences round the Heights.

And untamed boy—so swiftly passing on
To sterner cares in recklessness—the brow
Of manhood—shaded o'er with feeling now—

The maiden in her glee—
The old man—all these forms must pass away,
E'en like the fading clouds at closing day,
Or melting like the sun-set on the sea,
Seen and then gone—but in this quiet spot
Their memories shall be hallowed—passing not.

EVENING THOUGHTS.

Thou quiet moon, above the hill-tops shining,
How do I revel in thy glances bright,
How does my heart, cured of its vain repining,
Take note of those who wait and watch thy light—
The student o'er his lonely volume bending,
The pale enthusiast, joying in thy ray,
And ever and anon, his dim thoughts sending
Up to the regions of eternal day !

Nor these alone—the pure and radiant eyes
Of Youth and Hope look up to thee with love,
Would it were thine—meek dweller of the skies,
To save from tears ! but no ! too far above
This dim cold earth thou shinest, richly flinging
Thy soft light down on all who watch thy beam,
And to the heart of Sorrow gently bringing
The glories pictured in Life's morning stream,
As a loved presence back ; oh ! shine to me
As to the voyagers on the faithless sea !

Joy's beacon light ! I know that trembling Care
Warned by thy coming hies him to repose,
And on his pillow laid, serenely there
Forgets his calling, that at Day's dull close
Meek Age and rosy Childhood sink to rest,
And Passion lays her fever dreams aside,
And the unquiet thoughts in every breast
Loses its selfish fervor and its pride,
With thoughts of thee—the while their vigil keeping,
The quiet stars hold watch o'er beauty sleeping !

But unto me, thou still and solemn light,
What may'st thou bring ? high hope, unwavering !
In Him, who for the watches of the night
Ordained thy coming, and on things of dust
Hath poured a gift of power—on wings to rise
From the low earth and its surrounding gloom
To higher spheres, till as the shaded skies
Are lighted by thy glories, gentle Moon,
So are Life's lonely hours and dark despair
Cheered by the star of faith, the torch of prayer.

A TALE.

" Oh ! fading human love !
Oh ! light by darkness known !
Oh ! false the while thou treadest earth !
Oh ! cold beneath the stone."

Love ye a sorrowful tale ?
Upon my mind a memory hangeth now
Of a fair cheek that faded, and a brow
Of youth and beauty that betimes grew pale,
So let me breathe it here—'t will suit the gloom
That gathers round me in this lonely room.

Where as the wild winds stir the drapery's fold,
And the faint moonbeams struggle on the wall,
Dim Fancy pictures from her airy hall
Dark shadows rushing, each with visage cold,
To hold discourse with me on topics high—
Life, and its deep unfathomed mystery !

So be it ;—to my vigil still and lone,
I bid ye welcome—of the pass untried,
The world unseen—and fear not—to your side
In a few years I come,—
Too soon perchance—then let my heart be free,
Nor shrink, Immortals, from your company.

Oh ! that the veil were rent,
That I might read the secret of His will
Who hath ordained that human hearts lie still
When trials dark are sent,
And sorrows overhang the loved one's path,
And on bright heads the vials of His wrath

Are poured ;—it is a fearful thing to see
Hope pass from youth—to view the canker there,
On the young brow to mark the trace of care,
And see the upspringing tree
Bowing its head to die :—oh ! why are these
Dark readings for our souls, thou wandering breeze,

Thy course not more mysterious than the lot
Laid on man's heart, in this strange world of ours,
With all its waving trees and gentle flowers,
And fair things whispered not
To untaught minds of bitterness or grief,
A dim and fleeting world, where fades the leaf

And Joy departs.—Oh ! lost and early friend,
How comes thy memory back ? with dance and song
As first I met thee, fairest in the throng

Of gay bright beings—silvery voices blend,
As then they fell in music on mine ear ;
Where art thou now ? the grave is cold and drear !—

Was such for thee ? Oh ! peacefully at last
Thy head is pillowed—but for him who stood
Beside thee in the dance, the high of mood,

With glorious brow, where hath his footsteps past,
That he forgets above thy grave to weep ?
Sweet one ! his flute-like tones did haunt thy sleep,

In days gone by :—oh ! 't is a changing thing
The love of man—a changing thing and vain.
That night I marked thee, dreamer, for the pain

And lonely visionings of those who fling
Their all of life on one, and yet thy smile
Came as a sun-beam to his heart a while.

Why did it pass away
When prouder thoughts rushed in—a glorious train
Of thronging images upon his brain—

Shutting thy memory out ?—till day by day
Hope lingering in thy heart did wait to hear
The echo of his voice—Hope chid by fear !

I may not tell ye now
All of this bitter history. Go seek
In the worn paths of life a fading cheek
And soft voice faltering low,
Yet mark the lip that still in grief would wear
A masking smile, and *know* the spoiler there !

So was the lonely close
Of her young life.—Oh ! human love, thou high
And mighty presence—thine is agony,
When a lone watcher by the faint repose
Of thy departing trust—thou may'st not pray
For the sick-hearted pilgrim's longer stay

In this dim world of death.—The summer came
And she went from us—praying, if the will
Of God had other purpose to fulfil,

She might have strength to wear the rusting chain
Yet longer—but He gave a kinder doom,
The lily flower sleeps reckless of the storm !

LINES.

SAY have I left thee, wild but gentle lyre,
That on the willow thou hast hung so long?
Oh! do not still my unbidden thoughts aspire
From my heart's fount? flows not the gush of song,
Though heavily upon the spirit's wing
Lies earthly care—a dull corroding thing?

Must it be ever so

That in the shadow and the gloom, my path
Is destined, shall the high heart always bow?

Father, may it not pass—this cup of wrath—
Shall not at last the kindled flame burn free
On my soul's altar—consecrate to thee?

Say, in my bosom's urn

Shall feelings glow,—for ever unexpressed,
And lonely fervent thoughts unheeded burn,
And Passion linger on—a hidden guest—
Hath the warm sky no token for my heart,
In my green early years shall hope depart?

Peace at this quiet hour

And holy thoughts be given. Let me soar
From Life's dim air and shadowy skies that lower
Around me, and with thrilling heart adore
Thy mercy, Father! who can'st soothe the wild
Forgetful murmurings of thine erring child.

Aye, by the bitter dreams,

The fervor wasted ere my spirit's prime,
The few brief sunny gleams
Ripening the heart's wild flowers, that ere their t
Blew brightly and were crushed,—by all the tears
That quenched the fiery thoughts of early years.

Yes! by each phantom shade that Memory brings,

Voices whose tone my heart remembers yet,
Names that no more shall thrill—departed things
That I would fain forget—

By the past weakness and the coming trust,
Father! I lay my forehead in the dust,

Meekly adoring—yielding up my care

To Thee, who through the stormy past hath tried
A wayward mind, which else had deemed too fair

This fleeting world, and wandered far and wide
Astray,—and worshipped still, forgetting Thee,
The one bright star of its idolatry.

Nor be these thoughts in vain

To aid me in this rude world's ruder strife,
When a high soul doth struggle with its chain
And turn away in bitterness from life,—
Strengthen me, guide me, till in realms above
I taste the untroubled waters of thy love.

AUTUMN SCENERY.

THROW down thy pencil, painter ! There's no trace
Of this deep Autumn beauty but will lose
Its glow upon thy canvass. The fine spell
Of thy rich art is vanquished !—Where's the hand
To paint the deep and cloudless blue that tints
The canopy of Heaven ? Or where the power
To catch the faintest semblance of the hues
Those trees have taken, as the sunset clouds
Had thrown the treasures of their mingled light
O'er the green foliage ?—And what spell of thine
Could give the delicate sounds that thrill upon
The spiritual ear ? the pensive thoughts
That steal upon the senses, as one hears
The light tones of the wind—the Autumn wind,
In its first visitings—before it comes
Thrillingly audible, and while its notes
Have a sweet soothing in them, and its breath
Is bland and pleasant,—or what charm of thine

Can give that strange and wayward joy we feel
When listening to the Eolian harp, that seems
In its wild changes to my rambling sense
As if 't were not unlike that fitful thing,
The spirit of an enthusiast. I love
Its deep and warning music, for there comes
A sense of mystery with it, and I feel
At times like these as if there were some link
Between our spirits and the outward world,—
Does it not shadow forth our fate? Have not
These changing times a language that a child
Can even read? Yes! men have likened spring
To the first bursts of life that wakens up
The joyous spirit, and in common tones
They speak of the rich summer, as the time
When the pulse bounds the lightest, when the mind
Floats on the wing of mirth, and the young heart
Throbs with delicious joy, and equally
Gaze they on summer's glories, and the dreams
Which a young spirit forms of bliss, they think
That both alike will pass, nor care beyond;
This is their language. Throw ye them away,
Their hackneyed terms, their phrases that bring down
To the poor level of our common thoughts
The sights and sounds that mock the earnest gaze
Of the philosopher, and turn from thee

Their common reading of that hidden book
Of wisdom, which the sage will own is closed,—
Seek to become a reader of the heart,
A painter of the mind.

Hast thou not seen
A change like this come o'er the human heart
When sorrow's seal is prematurely set
Upon the brow, and wanton joy hath past
Till every ruder passion hath been calmed,
Soothed into quiet, and the earnest soul
Wakened from slumber throws its treasured lig
O'er every object, till each thought, each dream
Is tinged with glory!

All these outward things
Which thou art wearing life away to paint
Are linked unto corruption, and will pass;
But there are aspirations of the soul
Uniting us to angels, there are calm
And quiet sufferings, which wear a trace
Upon our spirit, and refine its dross,
But men will pass them by, for there are few
Can enter in the temple of the heart
And read its secret sorrows. I've a sketch
To give thee at this hour.—

Once I knew -

A fond, devoted mother, whose whole life
Was wrapped up in her children. There were three
Bright, beautiful ones, who gathered round her board,
And knelt before her at the evening hour,
Lisping their prayers with earnest heart ; when all
Were verging into manhood, when the rich
And fervid beauty of their youth began
To wear its sterner graces, and the eye
Of her who had watched o'er their infancy
Glanced upon them exultingly, *Death* came
And placed his marble signet on the brow
Of the first-born,—then turned aside to quench
The joyous spirit in the flashing eye
Of the next brother. Both were taken then,
And she was left to bitterness—and one,
He was the last, and there were fearful thoughts
That crowded o'er her when her anxious eye
Read the pale trace of sickness on that brow,
Or marked how faltered now the buoyant step,
Or saw the fearful hectic lighting up
That pallid cheek, or watched the slow approach
Of the sick fevered feeling that comes o'er
The destined heart ; and when the Autumn shades,
Such as are gathering round us, had appeared,
She felt his hour had come—that he would die,

And leave her *as he did*, while the mild breath
Of Autumn soothed his spirit, and half stirred
The dark curls on his forehead, as 't would give
A semblance unto life.—That mother sat
Beside him then, and when the only link
That bound her now to life was broken, bowed
Her will to the Most Highest, and though tears
Were her sole heritage, He gave her *peace*.
This is the history,—I would rather read
That lone one's feelings, and of them partake
When sorrow's seal is set upon my heart,
Than sketch with Raphael's pencil.

"TIME, FAITH, ENERGY."*

High words and hopeful !—fold them to thy heart,
Time, Faith and Energy, are gifts sublime ;
If thy lone bark the threatening waves surround,
Make them of all thy silent thoughts a part.
When thou would'st cast thy pilgrim-staff away,
Breathe to thy soul their high, mysterious sound,
And faint not in the noontide of thy day,—

Wait thou for Time !

Wait thou for Time—the slow-unfolding flower
Chides man's impatient haste with long delay ;
The harvest ripening in the autumnal sun—
The golden fruit of suffering's weighty power
Within the soul—like soft bells' silvery chime
Repeat the tones, if fame may not be won,
Or if the heart where thou should'st find a shrine,
Breathe forth no blessing on thy lonely way.

* Suggested by a passage in BULWER'S "Night and Morning."

Wait thou for Time—it hath a sorcerer's power
To dim life's mockeries that gaily shine,
To lift the veil of seeming from the real,
Bring to thy soul a rich or fearful dower.
Write golden tracery on the sands of life,
And raise the drooping heart from scenes ideal
To a high purpose in a world of strife.
Wait thou for Time !

Yea, wait for Time, but to thy heart take Faith,
Soft beacon-light upon a stormy sea :
A mantle for the pure in heart, to pass
Through a dim world, untouched by living death,
A cheerful watcher through the spirit's night,
Soothing the grief from which she may not flee—
A herald of glad news—a seraph bright,
Pointing to sheltering havens yet to be.

Yea, Faith and Time, and thou that through the hot
Of the lone night hast nerved the feeble hand,
Kindled the weary heart with sudden fire,
Gifted the drooping soul with living power,
Immortal Energy ! shalt thou not be
While the old tales our wayward thoughts inspire,
Linked with each vision of high destiny,
Till on the fadeless borders of that land

Where all is known, we find our certain way,
And lose ye, 'mid its pure effulgent light ?
Kind ministers, who cheered us in our gloom,
Seraphs who lightened griefs with guiding ray,
Whispering through tears of cloudless glory dawning,
Say, in the gardens of eternal bloom
Will not our hearts, when breaks the cloudless morning,
Joy that ye led us through the drooping night ?

LINES.

GIVE me armor of proof, I must ride to the plain ;
Give me armor of proof, ere the trump sound again :
To the halls of my childhood no more am I known,
And the nettle must rise where the myrtle hath blown !
Till the conflict is over, the battle is past—
Give me armor of proof—I am true to the last !

Give me armor of proof—bring me helmet and spear ;
Away ! shall the warrior's cheek own a tear ?
Bring the steel of Milan—'t is the firmest and best,
And bind on my bosom its closely linked vest,
Where the head of a loved one in fondness hath lain,
Whose tears fell, at parting, like warm summer rain !

Give me armor of proof—I have torn from my heart
Each soft tie and true that forbade me to part ;
Bring the sword of Damascus, its blade cold and bright,
That bends not in conflict, but gleams in the fight ;
And stay—let me fasten yon scarf on my breast,
Love's light pledge and true—I will answer the rest !

Give me armor of proof—shall the cry be in vain,
When to life's sternest conflicts we rush forth amain?
The knight clad in armor the battle may bide;
But wo to the heedless when bendeth the tried;
And wo to youth's morn, when we rode forth alone,
To the conflict unguarded, its gladness hath flown!

Give us armor of proof—our hopes were all high;
But they passed like the meteor lights from the sky;
Our hearts' trust was firm, but life's waves swept away
One by one the frail ties which were shelter and stay;
And true was our love, but its bonds broke in twain:
Give me armor of proof ere we ride forth again.

Give me armor of proof—we would turn from the view
Of a world that is fading to one that is true;
We would lift up each thought from this earth-shaded
light,
To the regions above, where there stealeth no blight;
And with Faith's chosen shield by no dark tempests
riven,
We would gaze from earth's storms on the brightness of
heaven!

THE FAIR STUDENT.

It is said that Lucretia Maria Davidson, having called one morning upon a friend, was, in the absence of the family, shown into the library, where she remained all the day absorbed in reading, and perfectly unconscious of the flight of time, warned only by the approaching twilight that it was time to depart.

THE rosy light of morning richly streamed
Into a quiet room, and shed soft gleams
Of beauty on the rare and breathing forms
Carved by the sculptor's art; and the dim shelves,
Heavy with volumes of the olden time,
And the illumined missal, all were tinged
With that bright morning radiance; and the hush,
Alike of hour and place, seemed consecrate
To the high power of Genius. Here the mind,
Amid the mighty masters of the lyre,
Might breathe aloud its homage; and the heart,

Worn with its worldly conflict, might again
Turn to its surer counsellors, and feel
The untold magic of a book.—And lo!
E'en as the shrine might boast a worshipper,
And as the spirit of the place had now
Evoked its fairy minister, there stood
A form of beauty in a far recess
Of that still room. Youth was upon her brow,
And loveliness; but even as you gazed
You felt the presence of a rarer gift—
The glory of the mind. Oh! what is youth,
And what is beauty, to th' immortal charm
Of a high genius?—to the fairy gift
Of the divining rod that can unseal
The living fountains of the heart, and call
Bright thoughts, like angel ministers, to soothe
The weary hour? The youthful votaress stood
Enwrapt 'mid volumes of the antique time,
And the swift hours passed by with pace so light,
Their course was all unheeded. So the morn
Glided to its bright rest.

The fervid light
Of the deep noon came next, and busy life
Paused in its mid-day course; and Labor breathed
One moment from its task;—but what the hour

To the young student?—'Mid the Paynim host
Her busy thoughts were wandering, and she saw
The lion banner wave on Syria's plain,
And brave knights couch their lances, as the shout—
The pealing shout—went up from England's host
'Midst the far Eastern skies. Oh! call ye now
The artist's power to paint the kindling flush
O'er that fair brow—to pencil the rich hues
Of that soft changing cheek, warmed by the light—
The kindling light—of Genius!

Eve draws on.

Leaves the fair student now? The crimson hues
Pale in the distant west; as a bright dream
Of art and poetry this day has passed,
Wrapt in its spells of beauty. Call again
For the rich pencil of the artist, ere
The spirit of her dreams from that fair brow
Hath passed!—and let the picture, if a true one, bear
A shade of sorrow; for an early death
Upon the face is written; and the lip,
With its sweet smile, shall pale; and the soft light
Of all her shining tresses beam no more
In the dim, silent grave; nor shall the voice
Breathe there its winning spell, or the deep lyre
Be there attuned to harmony.

Fair votaress !

Not in the dim old library, with the hues
Of the bright sunset round thee, as thy gaze
Lingered upon the volume, may we greet
Thy form again ! Thine was an early doom !
Thy mind was as a harp that God had tuned
For his own ear alone, and not on earth
Might its perfected harmony be breathed.
Thy name comes to us as the opening rose,
With its rare gift and fragrance, and its leaves
On which no stain had gathered, from the place
Where it had glowed in beauty early plucked,
Yet leaving on the very air a charm
Of rich, soft odor lingering.

T H E R E S E .

A SKETCH.

'T WAS a bright eve. The quiet sun shed down
Gleams of pale beauty on the gentle brow
Of young Therese ; and flowers of summer bloom
Poured fragrance round the room, like incense cast
On the pure shrine of Youth.

- There was no sound
To break the spell of silence that hung o'er
The chamber like a presence, and alone
Therese sat there, communing with the dreams
Of her own passionate heart.

Where roved her mind ?
The air that through the open casement strayed
Was soft and balmy, and the still room seemed
A temple for sweet thoughts. A single lamp,

Like a bright incense, poured a quiet flow
Of radiance round: but on this haunted earth
Where hath not Passion's step, intruding, passed,
Crushing the flowers of Hope?

Those were strange tales
They told in olden days of silken chains,
And flowery fetters,—these are seldom Love's!
His is a sacrifice of lonely thought—
Of vain, sweet fancies—of rose-tinted dreams.
His is the offering of burning tears,
And vows the deep heart utters.

How it melts
That glory from our way! till the whole earth
Seems dark and lone—the great magician's wand
Broken and useless!

But too fair art thou,
With thy bright locks undimmed, and the soft glance
Of thy deep shadowy eyes, for the heart's blight,
Lovely Therese! yet thy clear cheek is flushed,
As fever's touch were there; and thy rich lip
Quivers with strange emotion.

This it is
To shed the fragrance of the spirit out,
Pouring the priceless treasures of the heart

Like water on the sand,—a vain, vain gift !
Therese's heart was dim ; a cloud had passed
Over her sky, bowing her fragile form,
Like night-dew on the lily.

I have said
She was alone ; for tuneless to her ear,
And harsh have grown all voices and all tones
Save one—oh ! that is music ! Common forms
Pass by unheeded.

Thus she was alone ;
But thought was busy ; beautifully rose
One image in the still, deserted room.
Radiantly bright in the pure light of Love
Was her heart's idol ; and his accents fell
Softly upon her ear ; yet how they mocked
The dreaming girl !

Was he not far away
From the still room ? Manhood hath rushing thoughts,
And glorious visions. What is Love to him ?
A tone of music, or a bright flower thrown
Vainly upon his way—an offering
That in his haste he crushes, when his steps
Pass on to Fame's proud temple, or the gleam
Of glory lures him, or the trumpet's sound
Calls him to battle.

So Therese mused :

But where was he whose image in her heart
Was shrined so deeply ? In the lighted hall,
And throngs were round him ; breathlessly they hung
Upon his magic accents. Fame ! oh Fame !
Thine is a glorious guerdon !

And for this

Hath that young aspirant outwatched the stars,
And patiently borne toil, when treasuring up
The gems of Thought, and from the classic page
Gathering the fragrance of departed minds,
With fervent zeal : yet, beautiful Therese,
Roved Fancy's pinions never, when he paused,
That student, from his lone, unsoftened toil,
And bent his fevered brow to the cool breath
Of the night air, and murmured as in dreams,
" For thee, for thee, beloved ? "

So he had passed,

Even as a gleam of sunshine from thy path ;
For Genius hath high aims, and gloriously
Soars up its eagle wing from the dim air
Of common life.—And thus Alphonso's mind
Impelled him on ; but, oh ! when Glory's meed
Should crown his early efforts, and when praise
From many censers should like incense rise

Around his way, then would the still, small voice
Of Love be melody, and he would come
As a crowned victor, laying at thy feet
His spoils, his triumphs.

This was Man's proud dream ;

This was the color that his passion took :
Yet, master student, 't was an erring thought ;
The flower needs moisture, and the timid heart
Of Woman gentle words.

* * * * *

The still night came ;

Alphonso was rewarded ! he had met
Admiring glances—heard the loud acclaim
Of praise from many voices.

Morning dawned

Softly upon the world ; to its meek light
The eye of Grief looked up uncheered, and Care
Again went bustling forth.

The day wore on.

Oh ! Fame hath countless tones ! Therese heard
Alphonso's praises, and her pulses thrilled
With quick and proud delight. Soft voices spoke

Gently of him—the beautiful! the bright!
And bitter fancies mingled with the rush
Of her wild rapture.

What would early dreams
Of Love be to him now? A perfume shed
Upon the idle wind.

Again she sought
Refuge in loneliness.—

A footstep rang
Upon the startled ear; a strange hope thrilled
The beating of her heart, and a deep voice,
How wished, how pined for! broke the quietness—
“*Therese!*”—It was no dream!

Oh! Love returned!
How deep thy joy! 't was thrilling in her tears!

PENCIL LINGS.

"How oft we seem
Like those who dream, and *know* the while they dream!"—*Mrs. Hemans.*

It was Ambition's hour.—I laid down
The glorious record of the olden time,
The stirring annals of those mighty men,
Whose names are channelled in the Eternal Rock
Time's restless torrent laves. And there came dreams
Vague but yet kindling fancies to my mind
Of future glory, till my hand stretched forth
To grasp the crown of Fame, but for whose brows
Wished I that dazzling meed?

Oh! tell me, friend?

Answer me, gentle love, *that hour was thine.*

Again I heard sweet music—melting sounds

Bearing all hearts away—a sudden flow
Of pleasant melody—entranced I stood,
Still wishing that some under tone might give
Thine echo back unto my listening ear,
The low, soft tone that thrilled in days gone by.—
I dreamed of thee.

Once more.—I marked the light,
The warm, soft light of sunset fall around
The landscape, like a radiant veil. I gazed
Upon the beauty of the fleeting clouds,
And watched the tinted waves, reflecting back
The sun-beam's varied hues, till dim, sad thoughts
Rose in my mind that all our hopes should pass
E'en as that brilliant coloring.—Awhile
We gaze and call them beautiful—anon
They fade and leave no trace.—Oh ! must it be
That with these deep, sad memories to my mind,
Thy name is linked ?

Yet was this time the last,
Dreamed I of thee no more ? The pleasant Spring
Came in her blooming livery to array
The bare and weeping shrubs—to cast bright buds

Over the verdant sod—to bring again
Beauty and bloom 'midst earthly bowers to dwell :—
But oh ! what shadows mar our brightest hopes,
Thy steps came not !

I have had other thoughts.

Aye, in the busy world men talk of change,
And lightly whisper that Love's early vows
Are lightly broken ;—tell me, gentle friend,
Must it be so with all ? Is there no brow
So high that Falsehood's traces may not rest
Upon its glorious surface ? and no heart
So noble that it keeps its gold undimmed ?
So have I dreamed.—Read me that dream, sweet lo

L I N E S .

"La mort est le seul dieu que J'osais implorer."

Nor unto thee, oh ! pale and radiant Death !
Not unto thee, though every hope be past,
Though Life's first, sweetest stars may shine no more,
Nor Earth again one cherished dream restore,
Or from the bright urn of the future cast
Aught, aught of joy on me.

Yet unto thee, oh ! monarch robed and crowned,
And beautiful in all thy sad array,
I bring no incense, though the heart be chill,
And to the eyes, that tears alone may fill,
Shines not as once the wonted light of day,
Still upon another shrine my vows

Shall all be duly paid, and though thy voice
Is full of music to the pining heart,
And woos one to that pillow of calm rest,
Where all Life's dull and restless thoughts depart,
Still, not to thee, oh, Death !

I pay my vows, though now to me thy brow
Seems crowned with roses of the summer pri
And to the aching sense thy voice would be,
Oh Death! oh Death! of softest melody,
And gentle ministries alone were thine,
Still I implore thee not.

But thou, oh Life! oh Life! the searching test
Of the weak heart! to thee, to thee I bow,
And if the fire upon the altar shrine
Descend, and scathe each glowing hope of mine,
Still may my heart, as now,
Turn not from that dread test.

But let me pay my vows to thee, oh Life!
And let me hope that from that glowing fire
There yet may be redeemed a gold more pure
And bright, and eagle thoughts to mount and soa
There flight the higher,
Released from earthly hope, or earthly fear.

This, this, oh Life! be mine.
Let others strive thy glowing wreaths to bin
Let others seek thy false and dazzling gleams,
For me their light went out on early streams,
And faded were thy roses in my grasp,
No more, no more to bloom.

Yet as the stars, the holy stars of night,
 Shine out when all is dark,
 So would I, cheered by hopes more purely bright,
 Tread still the thorny path whose close is light,
 If, but at last, the tossed and weary barque
 Gains the sure haven of her final rest.

STANZAS.

MOTHER, 't is evening now,
But where may all the bright and loved ones
That once came round thee at this holy hour,
Each with a half blown bud, or opening flower,
An offering for thee.

Oh! where is that bright band,
Who should be gathering round thee, as of yore
To lisp their evening prayer with voices low,
Or breathe, with solemn air, the Christian's vow,
Shall these be seen no more?

No more? no more? fond mother!
So soon hath sorrow to thy dwelling come?
And robbed thy life of its renewing bloom,
And called thy loved ones to the silent tomb
Away from their sweet home!

Yes! they are vanished all,—
The green turf closes o'er their light forms now,—
And each one like the flower he used to bring
Lies faded there,—to Death an offering,
Whose seal is on each brow.

Yes! thou wilt ne'er again
As once behold their light forms flitting round,
Nor list their welcome tread, nor pause to hear
The sweet, glad tones, whose music won thine ear,—
For ever hushed the sound!

Yet can His hand, sweet mother,
Who deals thee grief in this thine early day,
Uphold thee, that his light become not dim
Within thine heart, if thou wilt turn to Him
And at this holy even kneel and pray,

Thou shalt arise with joy,
And think how glorious are thine happy band,
Changed to bright seraphs, bending low before
The golden throne, nor fervently wish more
To call the blest ones from the Spirit land.

And then at this hushed time,
Thou wilt not turn in darkness to that sod,
But gathering all thy crushed hopes, as the dead
Brought thee bright flowers, wilt see that all are
A tribute on the altar of thy God !

THE SONGSTRESS.

The following lines were suggested by an incident related in Mrs. Jameson's "Diary de L'Ennuyee."

'T WAS a rich night in Italy ; the air
Was filled with fragrance from the many flowers,
And the sweet wind of Summer floated past,
As if it bore no sigh from weary hearts ;
While the soft, starry light of many lamps
Filled one fair hall with radiance, and shone
Brightly on many a young and jewelled brow.
Gay was the fete, and in each languid pause
There came rich strains of music, till the tears—
The unbidden tears—rushed to the stranger's eyes,
As Memory's links in that far land were all
Unbound by its sweet spells.

Again, again,
How softly rose the rich and breathing notes
Amidst that brilliant throng, and yet no lip
Smiled on the singer, as her song had found

No echo in their hearts ; but gentle eyes
Looked coldly on the fair, pale girl, who shrunk
From the unwonted scrutiny, and called
With such a beating heart the hidden soul
Of music forth from her rich instrument.
Fair singer ! on her cheek so pure, so pale,
There came no soft and changing tint to win
The careless gaze, and the dark eye, so veiled
By the long silken lash, might boast perchance
The glory of a star, but none that eve
Might gaze upon its light—so timidly
'Midst the gay throngs she stood, and yet her strain
Gushed forth with a wild melody, as hers
Had been in truth the Silver lute, and hers
Th' enchanted touch.

Oh ! where was Woman's he
To listen to the rich and melting notes,
Yet give no smile of welcome, as she paused
Sadly at its bright close !

Fair singer ! that pale cheek
Grew paler, but there came a sudden change !
An eye had met the glances of her own—
A voice beloved had breathed with restless joy,
“ *Oh ! brava, brava cara !*”

Cheek and lip

Wore the rich tint of morning; to the brow
There came a sudden light, and the soft eyes
Lit up with Hope's first dream, and that pale girl
'Midst the gay fete looked brightest !

Love ! oh Love !

Thine is the magic wand—the desert earth
Blooms in thy presence, and thy votaries wear
A glory on their foreheads, as they bend
In worship at thy veiled and mystic shrine.

LINES,

Written after being shown the inscription on the grave of a child in
Brooklyn church-yard, bearing only the date, the age, and these si-
mple words, "*It is well.*"

'T was a low grave they led me to, o'ergrown
With violets of the Spring, and starry moss,
And all the sweet wild flow'rets that disclose
Their hues and fragrance round the dreamless co-
As if to tell how quietly the head,
That here had throbbed so feverishly, doth rest.
'T was a low grave, and the soft zephyrs played
Gently around it ; and the setting sun
Gleamed brightly on the marble at its head,
Bearing the date—the name—the few brief year
Of one whose blessed lot it was to pass
To the fair Land of Promise, ere the chill
And blight of this dark world had power to cast
A shade on life's pure blossom ; while the dew
Of morning was upon its leaves, and all

The outward world was beauty ; ere the eye
 Had ever wept in secret, or the heart
 Grown heavy with a sorrow unconfessed.
 Was it a bitter lot ? That stainless stone
 Answered the query ; but one line it bore—
 One brief inscription, thrilling the deep heart
 Of those who, leaning o'er that narrow mound,
 Mused over life's vain sorrow :

" It is well."

Aye, the deep words had meaning ; but what grief
 Had taught the lone survivors thus to count
 The sum of all, and, struggling with their tears,
 Write only—"*It is well ?*" Oh ! well for her
 To rest on that green earth—to lay the head
 Unwearied on its bosom, and to seek
 A refuge from the coldness of the world,
 Ere yet its shaft had pierced her.

" It is well."

And, oh ! for us who, musing o'er that grave,
 Sigh for the rest a stranger's breast hath found,
 Were it not well, in the heart's hour of grief,
 When Earth is dim, and all her shining streams
 Discourse no more in music to our ears—
 When shadows rest upon her brightest flowers,
 And the continual sorrow of the soul

Doth darken sun and moon, to dream at last
Of a still rest beneath the lowly stone—
A calm, unbroken slumber, where the eye
Shall weep no more in sadness, and the pulse
Forget its quick, wild throbbings ?

O'er that grave
Such were my musings, till a deeper truth
Broke on my mind, as the blue violet shed
Its sweetness round me, and the evening winds
Brought fragrance from afar ; and then I prayed,
In lowliness of heart, that I might bear
In faith " the heat and burden of the day,"
And never, till His purpose was fulfilled,
And every errand He had set performed
In trusting patience, sigh for dreamless rest,
Nor till th' impartial pen of Truth could write
Above that quiet refuge—" *It is well.*"

LINES,

Written after reading the Private Memoirs of a very celebrated man.

CLOSE up the book ! for I have read too far,
Noble and bright ! to see the cloud descend—
The shade cast o'er the glory of thy fame ;
O'er *thine*—that unto me as a pure star
Hath shone ; before whose light 't was well to bend
With deepening awe—o'er *thine*, whose very name
Fills up a host of thoughts all proud and free :
O tell me, could the shadow fall on thee ?

So seems it !—but, I say, close up the book :
It is a weary thing too near to trace
The springs of thought, and on the unveiled heart
Too long, or yet too curiously to look—
Scanning what most hath place
Within that temple shrine—that hidden part
That to the human eye should ne'er be shown ;
Or who can spare the weakness not his own ?

And who can tell how long
Might be the struggle ere the mighty bowed
Before the whirlwind's force ?—how fast the tide
Might hurry on the hapless, or how loud
The breakers roared around the vessel's side,
Ere she went down ?—or, through one moment given,
How wild the appealing prayer swelled up to Heaven

And there was heard : close, close the magic pa
That hath so held me with its thrilling power,
While Time passed by unheeded. Oh ! to dream
As once I dreamed—thou beacon of an age—
Of thy unshadowed radiance ; but the hour
For that is past ! No more I seek with tears,
A life, a history, in those years

That lingered not. I close the book and sig
Yet had I once but heard thine echoing tone,
Leader and Patriot ! had I once but caught
The vivid lightning of thy kindled eye,
How could such visions come ?
How could my mind embody them in thought ?
Yet wert thou man, and thy high spirit's wings
Could stoop to Earth—be soiled with earthly things.

A foot-print presses on the new bright snow—

Whose light is pure, if thus it was with him ?

Go, mortal ! and unlearn thine idle dream ;

d when o'er others thou the light clouds see

w should'st thou bear with them ? how they with thee ?

M A D E L A I N E .

A BALLAD.

Written after reading the affecting history of poor Madelaine, contained
Mrs. S. C. Hall's account of a visit to Honfleur.

'T WAS a light and golden evening ;
They were sitting side by side,
Watching its purple shadows fade—
The sailor and his bride.

His hand was twined amidst her curls—
Her curls of golden hue ;
His eyes were bent on her's, that shone
With Heaven's unclouded blue.

A fair and pleasant picture,
A pleasant stream beside ;
Its waters gave their image back—
The sailor and his bride.

And happy were their hearts that night,
The two who sat together ;
Oh ! wo that in a world like this
Love meeteth stormy weather !

And wo ! that but one sunny gleam
Foretells an age of sorrow !
How happy were their hearts that night !
How sad upon the morrow !

No more they watched the closing eve,
For when the morning came,
She marked her lover's glancing sails,
Bound to the Spanish main.

Sad was her heart at dawning day—
Sadder at setting sun ;
The stream that imaged both their forms
Could image now but one.

And pale her gentle lips awhile,
And yet they smiled again ;
For earthly grief was new to her—
The fair-haired Madelaine.

And daily for his safe return
She prayed in holy place,
And offered up a solemn vow
Unto our Lady's Grace.

And daily at her shrine she bowed,
But morn and eve in vain;
For never came those glancing sails
Back from the Spanish main.

Yet still from every visioned night
Her heart new joy would borrow,
And every morning brought a hope,
And every eve a sorrow.

Her thoughts were always on the sea,
Her offerings duly paid;
But where was he for whose return
Before the Cross she prayed?

Oh! never can the loving leave
The loved one sad and dreary,
Dreaming o'er faded memories—
Counting the moments weary.

The eyes that shone with Heaven's own blue
 With tears were sunk and dim;
 The brow that gave its sunshine back
 Was pale with fear for him.

And yet she bowed before the cross,
 And yet she watched the sea;
 Oh! human love and human hope—
 A mystery are ye!

Youth passed;—that hope was at her heart,
 The wilder for despair;
 And still she watched along the shore,
 And still she prayed the prayer.

Her reason fled—her home she left;
 The master-thought the same;
 His image in her heart she kept—
 The faithful Madelaine.

The sunny hair was turned to grey,
 The form was bent and old;
 Can Time and grief such changes work?
 Lady of Grace, behold!

Was this thy youthful vot'ry once—
The fair, the fond, the free—
Now a sleeper by the way-side,
And a watcher by the sea?

For the treasure Earth hath not—
The one she'll meet again,
Alone in the sunny land of flowers,
Far from the Spanish main.

LINES,

Written upon being unable to attend the meeting held in New-York by
the friends of the slave, August 1st, 1838.

It was not mine to meet
In the full temple, while the closing day
Shone through the sacred aisles, and wildly sweet,
From many a heart the swelling hymn found way;
Praise and thanksgiving!—that the galling chain
Had melted from the Islands of the main!

It was not mine to raise
My voice with kindred tones, to Him alone
Whose eye looks down on all,—ascribing praise
That through His might the conflict had been won;
That in the Island of the far-off sea,
His truth had set the weeping bondman free.

It was not mine to hear
Each pleading voice;—but oh!—the kindled heart—
The piercing truth by silence made more clear—
The reaching sympathies where all had part—
And thanks, O Father!—for this work of Thine,—
These, in the silence of the soul, were mine!

Nor was it theirs to see
Who met in that full temple, how the sun
Looked down that morning, glorious on the free,
Whose bitter days of toil and stripes were done ;
When the loud bell, that tolled their bondage out,
Was lost in Freedom's overwhelming shout !

Oh ! in the far-off sea,
Night ! didst thou ever wear so fair a guise
As when a rescued people looked on thee,
Their savior from oppression's agonies !
Feeling each moment brought the dawn more near,
The welcome dawn to truth and freedom dear !

Dear to the mother then
Who all unmocked of the blue smiling sky,
Could weep away the memory of her pain,
And upward point her child's exulting eye
To the bright clouds beyond, where He must be,
Whose pitying love had set his people free.

Joy ! for the struggling heart,
That had so writhed beneath the wearing chain,
But now might tear the hated links apart,
And never gaze upon its bonds again,
Turning from hoarded griefs, and burning tears,
To the bright promise of its future years.

Joy ! for the kindly ties
That now might bind the sister and the brother,
For the hushed voices that at eve might rise,
All mingling softly—children !—Father !—Mother !
In fervent prayer to Him whose mighty power
Had won for them the brightness of this hour !

Joy ! for a fair, bright land,
Whose fruits might wear no more the shade of death,
And whose rich foliage might again expand,
Fresh and unwasted by the Spoiler's breath,—
For now, no longer in its island bowers,
Nestles the serpent underneath the flowers !

Joy ! for that martyr band
Who, as they entered into Heavenly rest,
From the dim borders of the Spirit-land,
Saw this bright vision, and in faith were blest.
Oh ! let their mantles still on earth be found !
And with their girdles be their children bound !

Then in the tempest's might,
And in the darkness shall true hearts stand fast,
Watching, O Holiest ! but to greet Thy light
And hear Thy summons, while the storm drives past,
Listening not then to man's upbraiding tone,
But the sad cry—the helpless captive's moan !

Then shall Thy guiding hand
Scatter the clouds before truth's piercing day,
And yet the shout of our enfranchised land
Shall rise to cheer them in their onward way—
And like the winds, the clouds, the waters, free,
Shall rescued hearts pour out their praise to Thee

LINES,

SUGGESTED BY A SCENE IN

"MASTER HUMPEREY'S CLOCK."

Nelly bore upon her arm the little basket with her flowers, and sometimes stopped, with timid and modest looks, to offer them at some gay carriage. There was but one lady, who seemed to understand the child, and she was one who sat alone in a handsome carriage while two young men in dashing clothes, who had just dismounted from it, talked and laughed loudly at a little distance, appearing to forget her quite. There were many ladies all around, but they turned their backs, or looked another way, or at the two young men, (not unfavorably at *them*,) and left her to herself. She motioned away a gipsy-woman, urgent to tell her fortune, saying, that it was told already, and had been for some years, but called the child towards her, and taking her flowers, put money into her trembling hand, and bade her go home, and keep at home, for God's sake. . . . "

BEAUTIFUL child! my lot is cast;
Hope from my path hath for ever past;
Nothing the future can bring to me
Hath ever been shadowed in dreams to thee;
The warp is woven, the arrow sped,
My brain hath throbbed, but my heart is dead:
Tell ye my tale, then, for love or gold?—
Years have passed by since that tale was told.

God keep thee, child, with thine angel brow,
Ever as sinless and bright as now;
Fresh as the roses of earliest spring,
The fair, pure buds it is thine to bring,
Would that the bloom of the soul could be,
Beautiful spirit! caught from thee;
Would that thy gift could anew impart
The roses that bloom for the pure in heart.

Beautiful child! may'st thou never hear
Tones of reproach in thy sorrowing ear:
Beautiful child! may that cheek ne'er glow
With a warmer tint from the heart below:
Beautiful child! may'st thou never bear
The clinging weight of a cold despair;
A heart, whose madness each hope hath crosse
Which hath thrown one die, and the stake hath

Beautiful child! why should'st thou stay?
There is danger near thee,—away! away!
Away! in thy spotless purity;
Nothing can here be a type of thee;
The very air as it fans thy brow,
May leave a trace on its stainless snow;
Lo! spirits of evil haunt the bowers,
And the serpent glides from the trembling flow

Beautiful child ! alas to see
A fount in the desert gush forth for thee,
Where the queenly lilies should faintly gleam,
And thy life flow on as its silent stream
Afar from the world of doubt and sin,—
This weary world thou must wander in ;
Such a home was once to my visions given,
It comes to my heart as a type of heaven.

Beautiful child ! let the weary in heart
Whisper thee once, ere again we part ;
Tell thee that want, and tell thee that pain
Never can thrill in the throbbing brain,
Till a sadder story that brain hath learned,
Till a fiercer fire hath in it burned ;
God keep thee sinless and undefiled,
Though poor, and wretched, and sad, my child !

Beautiful being ! away, away !
The angels above be thy help and stay,
Save thee from sorrow and save thee from sin,
Guard thee from danger without and within.
Pure be thy spirit, and breathe for me
A sigh or a prayer when thy heart is free ;
In the crowded mart, by the lone wayside,
Beautiful child ! be thy God thy guide.

LINES

ON THE DEATH OF GEN. HARRISON.

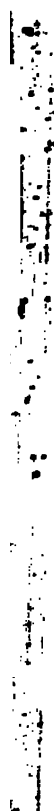
CALLED from the silent shades of calm repose,
The Victor Chieftain o'er his country's foes,
Like the old Roman, who his fields surveyed
While to his view the purple they displayed,
The Hero left his plough ; his country's boast
That the brave soldier who the breach had crossed,
In his "Log-Cabin" on the green hill's side,
Dwelt like a freeman with an honest pride,
And that the hands embrowned with sternest toil,
Had traced deep furrows on his native soil.
These were his country's honors,—this his claim ;
She called her patriot son,—the Hero came.—

Came in an hour when all was dark and drear,
Came to light up the troubled atmosphere,
Came as a sun-beam, that awhile in sorrow
Shines for a moment and is gone to-morrow !
Bright was the Hero's dawning, and the shout
From thousand hearts spoke thrilling gladness out ;
We deemed the patriot spirits of the dead
Had round us still their stately Ægis spread,
And that again had come the glorious time
When honor, honor was, and crime was crime.
Ah ! human pride and human hopes how vain !
The bark that rides so proudly on the main
Is sweeping onward to a harbor nigh.
We need our patriot. Must our hero die ?
God of the just ! on yonder stately floor
A guest hath stepped who never stepped before,—
Pale Death ! Our hopes are crushed, our patriot lies
On dying bed, but who shall close his eyes ?
Ah ! friends, alas ! how little do ye know
When those we fondly love are forced to go,
And be on dying bed, no loved one near
To bathe the forehead, wipe the parting tear.
Hero and patriot ! thy name shall be
Linked with our proudest hopes in memory—

With the old patriots,—with the ancient days,
When honorable conduct won its praise,
When those we called our heroes had but one
Proud freeman's heart within—like Washington.
We rear no shrine for thee, let gallant France
Call out her troops, with shining sword and lance
And bear Napoleon to his second rest ;
We give the tribute thou would'st love the best ;
Show foreign lands a nobler if ye can,
A nation's tears beside an honest man.

MEMORIALS
AND
UNPUBLISHED POETRY
OF

Miss Lucy Hooper.



TRIBUTE TO THE DEAD.

BY MRS. ELIZABETH J. EAMES.

"Bright ones have died, and their memories have been mourned, but the 'tomb-builder, Time,' is daily erecting a narrow prison-house for some new victim!"

"Leaves have their time to fall,
"And flowers to wither at the North Wind's breath,
"And stars to set—but all,
"Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O Death!"

Mrs. Hemans.

AGAIN hath the Angel of Death unfurled his dark wing, and folded underneath its shadow another of the gifted spirits of our land! Again hath the melancholy requiem of Genius been sung over the untimely fate of one who hath been laid down in her young years to slumber with the unconscious dead!

When we think of the gifted being who has passed from among us in the full bloom of her youth, in the dawning prime of womanhood, with the laurels of a rising fame just springing on her brow, and a mind which told how glorious would be the efforts of her riper years—when we think of her to whom this faint tribute of esteem is recorded, we cannot but mourn our bereavement in the impassioned language of affection and truth. Mournful, indeed, yet grateful and holy, are the thoughts

with which we surround the departed spirit! Deeply in our heart of hearts do we feel the ascendancy which her mind held over our own, and it is with a melancholy pleasure that we dwell on many a past hour of enjoyment to which she so much contributed, while yet a dweller with us on earth. The duty of paying a fitting tribute to the memory of departed worth, should fall into abler hands than mine, yet I would fain yield to the dictates of an overflowing heart, however unfitted for the duty of the biographer.

As a poetess, Miss LUCY HOOVER has done much to elevate the standard of female literature in our country. All the principal traits of poetical excellence—strength, beauty, discriminating taste, harmony, truth and tenderness, were hers, and are finely blended throughout her writings. Her strains are not mere melodies “sweetly sung in tune,” but they are powerful in the deeper harmonies of poetry. It is true she seldom attempted an eagle flight, nor did she always reach the sublime; but in obedience to the inspiration of a truly poetical genius, her imagination went forth on the loving, yet sky-cleaving wing of the dove, and stopped in its wanderings but to cull the flower of all pure, exalted, and eloquent thoughts. The themes of her muse were chosen with a well-cultivated taste, they abound in the most refined and beautiful sentiments and glowing fancies. Her diction was remarkably pure, her versification smoothe without being labored, and the arrangement of her language happy in its effect. Her sensibilities were all of a deep, tender and womanly nature, consequently she was enabled to touch the heart with a skill never exercised in vain. Few indeed have succeeded so well as herself in portraying the fidelity, tenderness and undying devotion of Woman’s heart. Witness what a beautiful picture of love unto death is her “Neglected Favorite.” Neither Mrs. Hemans nor L. E. L. have surpassed it, and her Scriptural poems, especially “The Queen’s Petition,” will well bear comparison with Willis’s earliest and best effusions.

The prose writings of Miss HOOVER are as direct evidences of intellectual superiority, as the best of her poetical essays. They are all marked with that deep pathos, strong, beautiful imagery, and pervading, yet pleasing melancholy, that we find in her happiest efforts of poetry.

Though the lyre of few could boast of a sound so sweet and perfect as her own, she indulged in no golden reveries of fame or profit. Her modesty, which was as remarkable as her superiority, left her without ambition for literary distinction. What she might have achieved, if she had lived, may easily be inferred from what she had done when taken from us. That her writings bear the impress of high genius cannot be doubted, from the wide circulation and the various encomiums they received. Had she not been garnered by the universal reaper while the hues of youth were yet fresh upon her, she would unquestionably have won a proud place on the dazzling scroll of Fame. But it was destined to be otherwise. Alas! the cypress of Death has been given for the Poet's laurel—her lips are sealed with the dust of the grave—her ear is deaf to the voice of Praise! Never again shall her rich harp send forth its deep, harmonious numbers. The heart that dictated those beautiful strains hath ceased its beatings, the fingers that touched so gently the tuneful chords are fast mouldering to ashes! But she is not lost. Though dead, she yet speaketh in many an endearing memorial to her surviving friends and kindred, whose grief hath an "understanding, but no tongue!" Among the many "that loved and honored her who only knew her name," her memory will live in the pure and beautiful ideas that she embodied and gave to Immortality. All who have the taste to enjoy, and the heart to appreciate the efforts of native genius, will delight to read her poetry.

Rest in peace, gentle, yet deep-hearted and gifted being. Few can feel as I do now, to know thee in thy shroud. May it be my blessed portion to "strike with thee a seraph's lyre in Heaven!"

"And now, farewell!

"Too widely do the waves of feeling swell

"Within this surcharged breast; and I, ere long—

"Ah, I shall listen to thy holiest song!"

Emmie Place, August.

DEATH OF MISS LUCY HOOPER.

It was but last night that we were informed of the death of this sweet Poetess, and this morning confirms the sad intelligence. She died at her residence, No. 63 Henry-street, on Sunday, the first instant. Her disease was an affection of the heart.

She died just as the vigor of her intellect and the grace of her effusions began to gain for her a high eminence among the writers of her native land. For many years Miss HOOPER has published nothing which does not bear the impress of a superior understanding. Some of her earlier pieces, published in the Long Island Star, are hardly to be rivalled for melody of versification and depth of thought.

Miss HOOPER wrote with great ease, and perhaps on this account undervalued her effusions. Without seeking to extend her fame, she was content for many years, with the local reputation which an occasional exertion of her powers won for her. But we will not say exertion of her powers. She was known to be capable of much more than she had ever accomplished. She chose, however, to make no struggle for fame; but preferred to sing occasionally a spontaneous song, and scatter flowers by the way-side.

She could not, however, long have avoided the attention of the literary world. Indeed, at the time of her death her society and talents were appreciated by many who had been led to seek her out, and to desire for her accomplishments a wider influence. Simple-hearted, pure-minded, and sensitive as she was, she might nevertheless have been tempted to more decided efforts, which could not have failed to gain for her a widely acknowledged rank in literature; but regret must take the place of hope. We must be content to gather the scattered flowers for a funeral garland, since the hand is palsied which might have woven chaplets of brighter hues and richer fragrance. What she has left will be enough for memory with us, even if her fame was not matured for the world's wider circle.

The following is from a female friend of the deceased.

LUCY HOOPER.

SHE was so beautiful in character, her heart was so pure and her mind so richly stamped with the Divine impress that "none knew her but to love her." It is somewhere said, that God takes the beautiful to himself, and that the wise and the good are his. And it really is so, or we think we see amid the radiant brightness of early beauty, and amid the evidences of early mind, that there is a something in the lineaments which speaks the force of this observation, and which prophetically tells us what is meant by the *blight of promise*; our dear friend's was the very form of frail and perishable flesh, and, her's, in strict obedience to the remark referred to, was an *early doom*!

She was, as I have remarked, so beautiful in character! Even in the very atmosphere around her there was a chastened loveliness. Her face, purely Miltonic in its expression, spoke angelic gentleness and intelligence.

Nay, she was more than beautiful, for mind—Immortal Mind was there. Than her's no hand more sweetly touched the lyre: at her bidding, passion was roused or lulled to rest, and the tenderest fancy came. She stretched out her hand to touch the Horeb of the heart, and a fount of feeling gushed. She spoke, and the heart awoke to sympathy—she wrote, and the richness of polished mind glowed in every line, and her lessons were those of the most spotless purity. At home, all sweetness—abroad, she carried with her all that attractiveness which made her home an Eden's bower!

The grave holds many treasures! But thou, dear L——, memory may dwell upon thy loveliness—mind may revel amid the beautiful creatures of thy fancy, and there may linger, surrounded by delights—

thou mayest live long in the recollection of those who knew thee in thy earlier promise, as well as in the maturity of thy womanhood—but we, who only knew thee in thy fame, are made painfully to feel that

“Thy song is hushed—thy minstrelsy is o’er”—

and that thou, the loved, the lost, the cherished—

—————“The one orb

“Enough to make a whole heaven bright,”

art removed from the sphere of thy usefulness and the home of thy love. And now, as the poet sings,

“The marble brow

“Of more than icy coldness—the pallid lips—

“A sculptor’s hand of more than human skill

“Had chiseled—compressed into eternal silence—

“The dark and silken lashes pencilled in beauty,

“Which on her cheek lay motionless—the closed eyelids

“On which the King of Terrors had impressed

“His leaden seal in long and last repose—

“The calm and gentle features, where a smile,

“As though of pleasant recollections, hung;

“All speak in language to address itself

“Unto our plainer sense—AN ANGEL RESTS!”

FROM THE CHURCHMAN, JULY 9, 1842.

On reading the Poetical Remains of Miss Lucy Hooper.

'Twas on a day of sunshine when I sat
Coming the oft sought page of lofty verse,
And gathering round me, as I mused alone,
Spirits which spoke to mine, and shed a light
Of glorious beauty round life's common path—
'Twas on that day I wove for thy fair brow
A wreath of fame, and joyed to see thee crowned.
"Dreamer! awake! awake! tell me thy thought!"
Starting, I turned, and told that 'twas of thee—
"Fame—wreath for her?—I tell thee she is dead!"
Crushing upon my heart an ice weight fell;
Tears, sorrowing tears gushed forth, for I "had watched
Thy bright career as one would watch a star."

We have communed again! like a sweet thought
Thy memory haunts me ever—soul with soul
We have communed again! midnight has gone,
And yet I linger—for thy words have found

An echo in my heart, as in the days
When I would fondly seek on each stray leaf
For thy rich stores of mind, and the warm blood
Leaped to my cheek while listening to thy praise.
Seems it not worthless now? Does it not ring
Like mockery in my ear? No! in this hush
Of solemn stillness, with no living thing
To break the spell of spirit-haunted thought,
Praise, praise to the dead, no mockery seems!
It is no low, hollow flattery, for the ear
Drinks not its accents in the silent grave—
No kindling crimson dyes the sleeper's cheeks—
No quickning pulse-beat owns its thrilling power,
It comes unasked—unsought—unheeded falls!
Yet those who love the beautiful, and find
Deep feelings spring up-gushing from the heart,
Like fairy fountain by charmed touch unsealed,
Will pour in words of truth their passionate praise.

We have communed again! thou in thy rest,
And I a pilgrim to that solemn world,
Whose mysteries baffle feeble human thought;
They're unveiled to thee—thine ear hath heard
Chimes of eternity! thine eye hath seen
Immortal beauty!

Tears! sorrowing tears!
Why come they now weak heart? why come they now
Would'st weep that from the dross of earth a gem
Hath flashed its brightness 'mid the light of heaven?
Would'st weep that one more worthy, first hath gained
The living waters, and the smile of God?
Spirit! in thy far home, beyond the stars,

My thoughts are with thee ; but the mortal mind
 May fathom nought of glory unrevealed,
 The prisoned soul sinks when it fain would soar,
 And humbly turns to God's own written word,
 And stays it there.

Spirit ! I too shall pass
 The narrow space which bounds our human hopes,
 Our human fears, and our strong human ties :
 Then free, unfettered with no veil between,
 But face to face, we shall commune again !

J. C.

New-York.

LINES,

Written on receiving the Book of Flowers and Poetry,

Edited by Miss Lucy Hooper.

Thou com'st from friends afar, sweet "Book of Flowers,"
To wake sad memories within my heart!
To tell how early call'd, from home's green bowers,
The cherish'd of our love, like these, depart.

Thou com'st to tell how, broken at the hearth
From the bright chain-vine of domestic love,
They lift their trembling petals from the earth,
And seek its sever'd links in bowers above.

And yet 'twas meet that she, whose guileless mind
Gave to earth's purest things its closing hours,
Should leave, 'mid gems of kindred thought inhazied,
Her own sweet memory embalm'd in flowers.

'Twas meet her gentle spirit should take wing
In the sweet scented months of summer bloom,
That o'er the hallow'd turf might newly spring
Young verdure, with its dewy, fresh perfume.

'Twas meet when *other flowers* began to fade,
 She should unclasp her tendrils from the dust;
 And turning sun-ward, through the grave's green shade,
 Should reap in Glory what was sown in Trust.

Let memory, like fond *Helianthus*, turns
 With lingering gaze, on bye-gone hours to dwell;
 And sighs, as o'er the extinguish'd light she mourns,
 "Young Songstress of sweet blossoms! fare thee well."

C. HURTINGTON.

Campton, January 1842.

WOMAN'S INFLUENCE.

And what is woman's influence? My thoughts
Were deeply moved : a gentle vision rose
Before me, sweetly fell the softened beam
Of sunset, on a dome so meekly low
That the light pinions of the summer breeze
Were ruffled not in passing. Softly there
The voice of earnest supplication floated up
From woman's lips to the bright throne of God !
And in the channel he hath opened flowed
The mother's feelings. Eve was drawing on,
And the gay petals of the summer flowers
Were closing as in sleep, and the tall trees
That gave all day a rustling sound of song,
And murmuring music, now were quiet—hushed—
As twilight's sanctity had o'er them stole ;
The atmosphere breathed prayer ; the mother's eye
Glanced on her boy, who, wild with restless mirth,
Went out at morn, but now in altered mood,

Tired with gathering flowers, was asleep :
Meekly she watched his slumbers, then she placed
Her soft cool hand upon his brow, and prayed
Even for him. Gaze on the lowly roof!
Then tell me if her fervent spirit rose
In supplication for a prouder home?
Was it for wealth she prayed? Oh! poor the gems
Of treasure-lands to her far loftier thoughts,
And poor the wealth of worlds! know there are gems
Brighter than all which gleam on common sight;
And richer, worthier far of price than those
Men seek with labor and preserve with care :
The soul hath treasure lands; the wand of truth
Waved o'er them, they are priceless, and outweigh
The estimate of Earth, secured in Heaven
And passing never. This hath urged her prayer,
Earth's splendor hath grown dim, unwithering joys
Appear to her, unfading glory beams
Crowns of pure gold! Oh! these are grasped by her.
Deeply she prayed, committing unto God
With her full heart her future destiny
And his, till with a Martyr's spirit warmed,
She prays not that the cup he deals to each
May sparkle brightly, if but strength be given
To drink it, e'en though bitter, to the dregs;
She prays not that the troubling storms of life

Should ne'er descend, but if deep trials bow
The outward form, if sorrow on the brow
Leaves record, still though on the heart its trace
Were channelled deeply, it might leave it smooth,
Unruffled; that contempt and scorn be borne,
Hatred be met, if but the soul were pure;
That life be weary, so the "tired feet"
Might "greet" the "land of rest."

Melted away

The Mother's voice, and years, long changeful years,
Were vanished too, and she who had reposed
Her trust in God was gathered to his arms,
And back unto its bright eternal source
The unstained fountain of her being flowed;
Yet lingered still the influence of her prayer,
A blessing on her child. The voice of praise
Thrilled on his ear, and flattery's Circean cup
Was proffered unto him,—he dashed aside
The poison, yet kept still upon his path,
A being of the sunlight; wealth and power,
The 'wilderer gift of genius, all were his:
Yet was the bright scroll of his life unstained,
Yet did its spirit stay its trust on God;
A spell was on him, 'twas his Mother's prayer
Saving him ever—'twas her gentle hand

Laid still upon his forehead—'twas the thought,
Resistless in its energy, that one link
Of his existence was in Heaven.

The flowers
Bloom brightly round his former home, and seem
To me an emblem of what woman's life
Should ever be, a presence gently felt,
Pouring sweet fragrance on the passing gale.

REFLECTIONS OF A STUDENT.

AND thou hast come again, oh ! pleasant Night,
Sweet giver of high dreams, I greet the hour
Sacred to deep reflection, and prepare
To burn upon the altar of my soul
The fire of kindling thought.

Now I am lone,
A watcher of the melancholy stars—
A student, bending o'er the open book
Of Nature : as a child upon the shore
Doth hear the sounding of the far-off sea,
And burn with vain desire to know the cause
Of this up-gathering of the elements :
So on my mind deep calleth unto deep,
And mighty but unrecked of energies
Stir up my spirit, till her free wing sweeps
Gloriously on, and spurns the selfish cares,
The dim, low thoughts that through the busy day

Have tamed her wanderings ; 'till earth became
Weary to him whose exile spirit sighed
For purer air, nor felt his fetters fall
Till the red streaking of the west proclaimed
The sun's departure, and the radiant clouds
Shrouded his going down—and gentle eve
Came with her closing buds and balmy airs ;
And weary men unto their couch of rest
Stole listlessly, nor marked how clearly shone
The unnumbered stars in the blue depths of Heav
Like messengers from the Spirit land, that come
Only with night and darkness.

What is Life,
That we do waste her precious sands away,
Nor seek for Truth ? Yea, tell me what is life
To those who, on a glorious mission sent,
Lose all their golden moments, and forget
The reason of their embassy, or sport
Among Earth's flowers, or weave their tiny web
Of loves and hopes—bright, but inglorious dreams
Yea ! what are these to him who feels foredoomed
To a high work, and numbers every hour
By the still triumphs of his mind, the sense
Of victory o'er the subtle, silent foes
That in his progress to the eternal shrine

Of true Philosophy must be o'ercome !
And yet, oh ! yet, 't is but a weary thing
To live, shut out from human sympathy—
To see its sparkling waters near our lips,
Nor drink of the bright fountain, and to turn
From love away—the sunshine of the world !
To live a man forbid—on whom the dews
And rain of human kindness may not fall ;
Yet will I rather so exist than hear
This restless cry ever upon my soul,
“ *In vain, in vain !* ” It must not be in vain
The gift of life to me.

Oh ! not like one
Who in the barren waste doth scatter seed,
From which nor bud nor flower e'er shall spring,
May I go forth.

Ye early wasted hours,
Would Time but roll his golden moments back,
How would I press your fragrance out, and all
Your scattered rays—your brief but dazzling gleams
Gather to one bright focus.

And not then
Should I so often feel upon my heart
The hand of still despair, and think that life

May pass away ere yet my task be done ;
Why do I falter ? Men have died for truth,
And sages have sought knowledge, till their lives
Were all one burning dream ; conquerors
Have started from the downy lap of Ease
And poured out blood like water, so the world
Might give them crowns of glory ; and the proud
Hath pictured to himself Ambition's meed,
And toiled and died, but gained it.

So would I
Lay home its solemn purpose to my heart,
And every eve my lonely taper light
With an untiring patience, and faint not
To think how many, after all my toil,
"Of the world's pages may remain unread ;"
What are we in this prison house of Life,
As insects, with their radiant wings furled up,
Waiting the hour of change ?

But that shall come,
And then each straggling effort of our minds
Will give a freer range in that bright world
Whereto our hopes have tended.

L I N E S.

I know that we shall meet ! oh ! we shall meet
Though now so sadly parted, and so far

This hope is with me in my day dreams sweet,
It comes with eve's first faint and gleaming star !

I know that we shall meet.

It must be even so ; thy name, thy name
'Midst songs of idlest glee and festive mirth
Was breathed last night—I heard a spell to tame
My spirit's soaring wings—they sank to earth,
And tears, 'midst joy, attested Memory's claim.

Yet we shall meet—I know that we shall meet ;
We are not parted by the stream, the wave—

We are not parted, as the friends that greet
No more on earth, beside the fearful grave
Weeping, in vain, some trace of love to save.

We are not parted thus, we breathe, we move,
Earth's hopes and fears and wreathing joys surround us,
Yet is it thine in all like me to prove
But sadness, clasping still the links that bound us
Closer, yet closer, with regretful love.

Say, shall we meet, oh ! come unto thine own,
Come, for my hopeless tears on memory's shrine
Have been a daily offering, and my tone
Hath lost all gladness since it answered thine.
Come to me, come !

Oh ! let us meet once more ; my pining heart
Clingeth but closer in its grief to thine,

And all untaught, hath not yet learned to part
With the sweet hope, that still may clearly shine
Some hidden star above thy path and mine.

For we have loved—no false, false magic now
Can hide that truth from me—no cloud, no change,
And never till we meet can life's vain show,
Or joy, or grief, my heart from thee estrange,
Oh ! friend, beloved and true, yet cold and strange.

Oh ! we shall meet, it must be we shall meet,
Thy heart is with me, still thy faith is mine ;

This hope comes to me in my day dreams sweet,
And night doth whisper with a voice like thine,
That yet, oh ! yet it shall be ours to meet.

L I N E S .

think of the Providence which sent Theodore D. Weld to Alabama, to ask James G. Birney by what right he held his slaves, and thus to arouse his conscience, which after vainly seeking rest in Colonization, at last colonized its owner into the front ranks of the Abolition Host."—*Letter of Professor Wright.*

A STUDENT mused at night,
But not o'er weary tome,
No dazzling gleams of human light
Around him vainly shone;
Before that student's mental eye
One glorious truth was plain—
God had made brothers on the Earth;
Why had *man* wrought the chain?

Hour after hour, his memory ran
O'er tales of grief and fear,
He felt the captive's weary woe,
He saw the captive's tear!

Unblest to him the heavy hours,
The bondman sighed in vain,—
Weeping among Earth's brightest flowers,
Unpitied in his chain!

The student mused at night—
His heart and lip were free;
The slave, the slave, hath many wrongs,
Where might his pleader be?
Oh! there, upon his musing hour
The holy impulse came,—
His was the kindled heart to breathe
Such wrongs in words of flame.

Ere long, by Alabama's tide,
That pilgrim student trod,
And in the orange bowers proclaimed
The message of his God:
"Brother! a call for thee—
A call in holy name—
A call to set the captive free
From bondage and from shame.

"Brother! the truth to me
Came as I mused at night;
That holy truth I bring to thee,—
Would it were graved in light!

That to thy heart, and in thy way,
And ever on thy brain,
The message of the Lord might say
Loose from the slave his chain !"

Oh ! blessed was the sower's hand,
And blessed was the soil ;
The good seed in the goodly land
Rewarded well his toil.
Another's heart was deeply stirred,—
Another's pledge was spoken,—
Another's voice in prayer was heard
That every bond be broken.

Oh God ! that rulest over all,—
Thine was the kindling light ;
Thine was that student's waking call ;
And thine his musing night ;
And what avails man's stormy wrath
When thou the work hast blessed,
And still dost plead in human hearts
The cause of the oppressed !

THE JEWELS OF CASTILLE.

The following lines refer to the well known fact of Isabella's pledging her jewels to afford Columbus the means for his discoveries.

THE jewels of Castille,
How proudly bright they shone,
Wreathing with light a regal head,
Gemming a regal zone!

The jewels of Castille,
The guerdon of thy crown,
Oh! true and queenly Isabelle,
To lay thy treasures down.

The jewels of Castille,
No more in hall or bower,
Forth from thy noble forehead flashed
Thy rich and priceless dower.

But o'er the unknown seas
A light bark swiftly flew,
Bearing on distant mission high
A noble heart and true.

And shone the jewels of Castille,
Each one a gilding star,
Lighting the worn and wearied man
Whose haven was so far.

Oh ! brighter than their beaming rays
The hope that woke again,
And dearer than their flashing light
Glad tidings from the main !

Were not the jewels of Castille,
Thy queenly heart and high ?
How with a nation's hopes art thou
Endeared to memory !

These were the jewels of Castille,
Thy soul devoid of fears—
Oh ! brighter than Castille's proud gems
Shone not thy woman's tears ?

These were the jewels of Castille,
Thy hand stretched forth to save—
These are the jewels of Castille,
The memories of the brave !

THE DAUGHTER'S WISH.

Josephine, the daughter of the Baron Cuvier, while surrounded with all the charms and allurements of the world, was a model of christian zeal and devotion. She died at the early age of twenty-two, just before the completion of her nuptials with one to whom she had been long attached. Her fervent prayers were offered up for all her relatives, and particularly for the conversion of her father. To her deep anxiety for this, in the closing period of her life, the following lines refer.

UPON her couch of death
A youthful daughter lay,
And from her parted lips, the soul
In fervent prayer found way ;
Oh ! grant me, Lord, once ere I die,
A parting word to say

Unto the Father of my love,
That when my name shall be
Forgotten in this changing world,
He may remember thee ;
For what are earthly lights to thine,
Oh ! God of mercy free ?

Now in the morning of my youth,
I bless thee for the grace
Which turned mine earthly thoughts above,
To thine abiding place ;
Rich was that mercy call, oh ! Lord,
And brief mine earthly race !

I bless thee for this parting hour,
Now are my conflicts o'er,
And tears for care and sin unchecked
From me shall flow no more :
For thou, oh Lord ! shalt wipe away
All tears for evermore !

But grant unto thy servant now
One parting word to say,
And grant me on my father's soul
One parting spell to lay—
So hath thy servant found, oh ! Lord,
Grace in thy sight this day.

* * * * *

And the soft lips were closed once more,
But the full eye was bright ;
Was it the mirror of a soul
Filled with celestial light ?
Yet faintly flushed the pallid cheek,
To greet her father's sight.

Oh ! silently by that low couch,
He bent him in his grief ;
What were the treasures of the world
To yield him now relief ?
Had all his hopes of science vast,
One hope however brief ?

Her hand its last, last gift hath sought—
“ Father, this book was mine ;
Its leaves alone can give thee peace,
All earthly hope resign ;
Oh ! in this last and parting hour
My Saviour must be thine.

“ My Father, as some simple flower
Clings round its fostering tree,
So was thy love my precious dower,
So have I clung to thee !
And must my spirit part from thine
Through all Eternity ?

“ My Father, what is earthly love ?
And what is earthly pride ?
Far dearer, dearer to my soul
One truth—the Saviour died ;
God grant us grace to cast away
All other trust beside !

"Oh ! Father, mine were earthly gifts,
And mine was human love,
But what is all its sweetness here,
To that which shines above ?
Youth, and its sunny dreams no more
My steadfast soul may move !

"Father ! my hand hath marked the page,
My tears have urged the prayer—
Oh raise thy mourning thoughts from Earth
To worlds more bright and fair ;
Know that in Heaven thy dying child
Would meet her father there."

* * * * *

And brightly bloomed the Spring's wild flowers
O'er that meek daughter's bed,
And hope we not that by the light
From all her virtues shed,
That Father prayed for holy strength
The narrow path to tread !

LINES.

"And I will tell them I have heard,
Though sweet the strain may be,
A voice whose *every whispered word*
Was more than song to me."—*W. M. Preced.*

Now let me sink to rest
While the sweet music lingers on mine ear
Of the departing tones, that richly clear
Hath made my spirit blest ;
Telling that hopes gone by, may be renewed,
Lighting again my heart's dim solitude.

Yet o'er its broken fanes
And columns lone, the yellow torch-light gleaming,
Of Hope, lost Hope, once more profusely streaming,
Shows but too clearly unforgotten names
Carved on the silent shrine, where Thought, unsleeping,
Her ceaseless watch o'er buried dreams is keeping.

Say, can new treasures find
A niche in that full temple ?—may I know
If the chilled fountains of the soul can flow
 Freely again, and if the darkened mind
Can weave its chaplet, as in summer hours
Of youth, nor shrink before its gathered flowers.

Oh ! I have wandered long—
Sad, yet unweeping, on my lonely way
Hath been no guiding star, no voice to say
 Now be thy wanderings done—
It comes, it comes, again hath Earth a voice,
That calls my wayward spirit to rejoice !

But can I answer back,
When all my dreams are of the changed, the dead,
When I can feel no more the radiance shed
 O'er youth, and Hope's bright track ?
Alas, thy looks but thrill my heart, to meet
All the lost glances that were once so sweet.

Farewell ! I love thy tone,
Thy cheerful smile, as one would love to see
The sunlight gilding river, hill and tree,
 Though his own path were lone ;
But cast thy bright hopes on another's shrine,
They mingle not with drooping thoughts like mine.

L I N E S ,

Written after reading the following passage in Bulwer's late novel:

"Do not say so, dearest," said he with a very grave smile; "love should have implicit confidence as its bond and nature, *for doubt is the death of love.*"

THEY sat in the still moonlight,
The two who had loved so well :
But the lady's brow was pale that night,
And her dreams we may not tell :
By a careless word
Are Thought's fountains stirred,
And her tone was faint and cold ;
For a coiling chain
Was around her brain,
And she doubted the love he told.

The glances she met, were calm and high,
From the lover of her youth ;
And he chided her doubts 'neath that moonlit sky
With the holy force of truth,
As he pointed her gaze to the lights afar,
Till she read in the rays of each gleaming star

A tale of quenchless faith;
And owned with him
That in world so dim,
A doubt unto love was death.

That quiet night, and that moonlit sea,
Though by artist's pen pourtrayed,
May pass away from the memory
As the fairest scenes will fade ;
But o'er mountain and stream
Let that bright motto gleam
O'er thy path as a burning star ;
Let it come to thy heart
'Till its doubts depart,
If the friends of that heart are far.

Oh ! gliding like thee under Life's fitful skies,
Rocked over her stormy sea,
Remember, o'er one may the wild billows rise,
O'er the other the dark clouds flee :
But as stars shine bright
Through the shades of night,
Let thy faith but the dark hour prove ;
For whatever may seem,
Still a pure light may beam,
And thy heart will not doubt, if it love !

ILLUSTRATION
OF
A FLOWER PLATE,

Representing the Narcissus, with the clinging Vine attached.

Motto—"Selflove is strong in your heart, but I am attached to you."

I HAVE a rival in thy heart,
And wert thou half as fair,
I would not kneel before thy shrine
To meet such rival there;
For dearer praise than mine can be,
Is whispered in thine ear,
And softer flattery breathed to thee
Than thou from me can'st hear.

I have a rival in thy heart ;
Who may that idol be ?
Of all thy closet's thoughts apart—
Sweet lady, answer me ;

And I will tell thee brilliant eyes,
And cheek-like blush of even,
Are not, howe'er their light we prize,
The highest gifts of Heaven.

Fair one, I kneel before thy shrine,
And hope that time may bring
A change upon that heart of thine,
E'en in thy glorious spring ;
A softened light upon thy brow
Would bring a dearer grace,
For pride that glows so strongly now,
Can mar the loveliest face.

LEGENDS OF FLOWERS.

The following lines refer to some of the old fanciful ideas attached to the opening of flowers. In the Romish Church such events were carefully noted down, and every flower blossoming on a Saint's day was considered to bloom in honor of that Saint.

Oh ! gorgeous tales in days of old,
Were linked with opening flowers,
As if in their fairy urns of gold
Beat human hearts like ours ;
The nuns in their cloister, sad and pale,
As they watched soft buds expand,
On their glowing petals traced a tale
Or legend of holy land.
Brightly to them did thy snowy leaves
For the sainted Mary shine,
As they twined for her forehead vestal wreaths
Of thy white buds, Cardamine !

The Crocus shone, when the fields were bare,
With a gay rejoicing smile ;
But the hearts that answered Love's tender prayer,
Grew brightened with joy the while.

Of the coming spring and the summer's light,
 To others that flower might say,
But the lover welcomed the herald bright
 Of the glad St. Valentine's day.
The Crocus was hailed as a happy flower,
 And the holy saint that day
Poured out on the Earth their golden shower
 To light his votaries' way.

On the day of St. George, the brave St. George,
 To merry England dear,
By field and by fell, and by mountain gorge,
 Shone Hyacinths blue and clear.
Lovely and prized was their purple light,
 And 'twas said in ancient story,
That their fairy bells rung out at night
 A peal to old England's glory;
And sages read in the azure hue
 Of the flowers so widely known,
That by white sail spread over Ocean's blue,
 Should the Empire's right be shown.

And thou of faithful memory,
 St. John, thou "shining light,"
Beams not a burning torch for thee,
 The scarlet Lychnis bright?

While holy Mary, at thy shrine,
Another pure flower blooms,
Welcome to thee with news divine,*
The lily's faint perfume ;
Proudly its stately head it rears,
Arrayed in virgin white,
So Truth, amid a world of tears,
Doth shine with vestal light.

And thou, whose opening buds were shown,
A Saviour's cross beside,
We hail thee, Passion Flower alone,
Sacred to Christ, who died.
No image of a mortal love,
May thy bright blossoms be
Linked with a passion far above—
A Savior's agony.
All other flowers are pale and dim,
All other gifts are loss,
We twine thy matchless buds for him
Who died on holy Cross.

* The Lily blooms about Annunciation day.

LINES
WRITTEN FOR THE LADIES' FAIR,

At St. John's Church, Brooklyn, L. I.

"SHALL all these pass away, Mother?"

'Twas the question of a child,
As she gazed upon the gorgeous clouds

Far in the west, up piled ;
And the Mother's voice was deep and low
As thus she made reply—

"All, all my child, of Earth's gorgeous show,
Shall vanish from thine eye."

"But the glittering skies, dear Mother,

The pleasant world below,
The glancing stars, all seem to me
Too fair to perish so ;

And the flowers,—the waving trees,
The blue, rejoicing stream—"

"Speak not, my child, of things like these,
They vanish as a dream."

" But the lofty mountain, Mother,
Can that tremble on its base ?
Or the perpetual hills forget
Their ancient dwelling place ?
And oh ! the glorious palaces,
The fanes of olden time,
Not like our lowly cottage roof
Where clustering roses twine.

" And all the noble dwellings—
The castles of the great,
Where the humble foot might never come
Intruding on their state.
Shall all these perish, Mother ?
Wo ! for the sons of pride,
How will their hearts endure the day
When none of these abide ?"

" To the covert of the Rock,
My child, the proud shall flee,
And vainly court the tempest's shock
To stay their agony :
The lofty mountain, all shall pass,
Each lovely thing you see—
Like waving shadows on the grass
Shall Earth's vain splendors be !"

“Then what can bide, dear Mother,
The searching of that day,
When the Heavens above shall be removed,
The mountains melt away?”
“A trusting, faithful love, my child,
In Him who bore the cross—
The only pure, the undefiled,
When earthly things are dross.

“And oh! remember, dearest,
When thy Mother’s head is low,
If thou would’st plead His promise *then*,
Show forth His precepts *now*.
Scorn not to seek the lowly door
In thy Redeemer’s name;
Go to the dwellings of the poor
Their’s is the Saviour’s claim.

“And when the brilliant skies are dim
Before His wrath that day,
Such token of thy love to Him
Shall never pass away.
The fervent prayer of gratitude,
Some rescued heart for thee
Hath poured, shall reach his ear who said,
‘Ye did it unto me!’”

LINES.

"How wrong are they who say that Love
Must first be planted in the heart,
And nourished by the hand of Time,
To make its leaves and blossoms start.
No! 'tis a plant that springs at once
Up to its full and perfect form;
Unlike the willow or the oak,
It bows not, bends not in the storm."—*Park Benjamin.*

CAN this be true of Love? I've heard men say
Its course is mystery, but every heart
Hath visions of its own with that sweet word,
And mine war strangely with the lettered page.
I've dreamed of a faint twilight, whose first rays
Might gently steal o'er the unguarded sense,
Till, gathering deeper force, its coming light
Shows gloriously, and Earth is beautiful,
Robed in the soft, rich glow, whose dawning beams
So gently shone at first.
Can this be true?
I've thought too of a word—a music tone,
That, sinking on the ear 'midst careless mirth,
Would oft recur, and thrill in after hours,

Linked to the listener's heart by some light bond,
Yet sweetly, and for ever ; till he thirsts
Again to hear that music, and again.
Is this mood Love ?—or is it but the thought
Of an unpractised heart ?

And I used once
To dream, an emblem of Love's truth might dwell
Not in the rich and clinging vine that shows
Its clasping tendrils 'neath a tropic sun,
But in the small and delicate leaved plant,
That, born 'neath colder skies, shows fresh and bright
In storm and sunshine ; but will wait, and pause,
Yea, pause for years, before it dares to creep
To the embraces of the lonely tower,
Or storied pillar ; but once twining there,
It clings for ever, with its rich green wreath
Smiling against a sullen sky.

I thought
That in a world like ours, this might be Love—
Then sought my favorite flower, the one whose growth
I most had watched, and marked how, day by day,
First the light germ unfolded, then the bud
Half opened, leaf by leaf, till every hue,
Grown brighter, blushing at itself, it raised
At last a glowing face, and met the sun !

THE NEGRO AT PRAYER.

The Rev. Leigh Richmond mentions, in one of his letters, the emotions which it excited in him to see a Negro kneeling down by the side of Wilberforce, during the Communion Service.

KNEEL, Negro ! thou hast refuge
By that venerated form ;
From those mildly beaming eyes
Will come no glance of scorn.

'Tis the champion of thy cause,
He who, trusting in the power
Of Him who girds the brave,
Was strong in fearful hour.

He hath met the battle's rage
With firm and fearless breast,
Nor, till the strife is won,
Will he lay his spear in rest.

He hath shaken off, like dew-drops,
The pageantries of Earth,
And the hope that leads him onward
Boasts of immortal birth.

And earthly fame before him
Shrinks to a thing of nought;
Let his only monument
Be the good that he hath wrought.

Kneel, Negro! by his side—
Here thou may'st know no other
But a follower of the Crucified—
He will greet thee as a brother.

Now up to Heaven ascending
The prayers of both are going;
The noble heart befriending,
The grateful one o'erflowing.

And both alike are seen
By their Maker and their God;
Alike are both redeemed
By the dying Saviour's blood.

True, man may speak of difference,
But earthly chains are riven;
And the voice of pride is stilled
Before the throne of Heaven!

A SKETCH FROM MEMORY.

I DREAMED of home! I thought myself once more
Amidst its hallowed precincts—and the air
Blew freshly on me from my native hills,
Green with the summer's verdure. The wild flowers
Were blossoming in the unfrequented paths
Where once my rambling steps were wont to stray,
Searching the lowly violet. Allured
By the sweet fragrance of the hidden flower,
I climbed the rock again—the same grey rocks,
Covered with moss—and sought once more the buds
Of the ground laurel, that of yore blew out
So freshly 'mid the parted cliffs.

I saw

My native river, and its waves swept past
Proudly as ever; and I threw myself
On its green banks and dreamed, as I was wont,
All idly in the days gone by. The trees
Were waving, and the grasshopper's merry chirp
From the far meadows thrilled upon my ear

Like pleasant music, mingling with the rush
Of waters, and the glad song of the birds,
Waking sweet thoughts within me.

Then it seemed
The Sabbath ; and I heard the silver chimes
Of the church-going bell rise clearly up
Through the charmed air, a spell to call again
Bright dreams and blessed memories. I marked
Day waning to its close, till sunset threw
Its radiance round the holy edifice,
The Temple of our God, I stood again
Amidst the youthful throng, before the shrine,
A worshipper at the feet of Him who said
“ Let children come to me, and chide them not.”
Another dream came o’er me. I beheld
The sweet face of a sainted friend who died
In the glad Spring time—taken like a flower
With the dew on its leaves, and its bright buds
Half opened—from this bitter world away,
Her spirit’s tale untold. Her kindling eye
Beamed once more on me, and her high brow wore
The seal of lofty thought. I heard her voice
Again, and I was blest. But then it past
Away, and I was kneeling at her grave,

Thinking how softly 'mid the seraph throng
Her harp was thrilling to the praise of Him
Who died that she might live.

But other thoughts
Came on me, other voices on my ear
Rose up in music. Those who from my path
Are gone for ever, met my gaze again,
As in the former time. The parted spells
Of life were linked once more.—

Yet 'twas a dream.
I wakened—and the tread of busy feet
Came on my ear, in place of gentle song
And Home's sweet melodies. For waving trees,
Proud domes were round me—and the city's hum
Rose harshly up.

The charm had melted off,
Nor soothed me longer. I gazed on the crowd
Passing beneath my windows, and I thought
How many hearts in that rude multitude
Grew sad like mine, to dream of a far home !

EVENING SONG.

I wish that I were a cloud to-night,
Thou beautiful one—away
I would float to thy home, in a robe of light,
And over thy pathway stay.

With the world spread out like an open book,
As I calmly sailed above,
I would wait thy smile, and watch thy look,
And follow but thee, my love!

For oh! it were bliss, on an eve like this,
To dream as I met thy brow,
That dearer to thee might the bright cloud be
Than the beaming eyes below.

Or, I wish that I were an elfin queen,
Always to linger nigh
Thy footsteps love, yet be never seen
By the glance of mortal eye.

Over thy head should my gifts be shed,—

Thy secret will I'd learn,

And weave thee the charm that can shield from harm,

And the true from the false discern.

Or, I wish that I were a bright, bright star,

Shining alone for thee—

Radiant and clear, as I gleamed from far,

Like a token of destiny.

Or, at least, that mine were an amulet,

Since none of these things may be,

To know if thy truant thoughts follow me yet—

If to-night, thou wilt dream of me!

LINES,

On a Child's telling the wind to "Go Away."

"GO AWAY! rude wind," said the sportive child—

"Go away! go away! I say:"

But on it moved, in its pathway wild,

Scattering her flowers in play.

'Twas all in vain that she held them fast,

For the flying wind o'er their beauty past;

Yet no shadowy trace did it leave behind

Marring that beauty or blighting her mind;

And dear was its gentle voice, though she

Wearily wished it away to me.

Vain was her toil, but vainer far

'Twill be in after years,

When the chill wind rushes of this chill world,

Piercing her heart to tears;

Darkening the spirit's unsullied truth,

Snatching the bloom and the freshness of youth:

Far, far more sore she will learn to know,

Than the summer breeze upon her brow!

LINES,

On the death of JANE KNAFF TITCOMB, who died at Newburyport,
May 1st, 1831, aged 19 years.

"Alas! it is the destiny—

"The fairest hope is that which first is lost;

"The sweetest flowers are soonest nipped by frost,—

"Are not the shortest lived the loveliest?

"And like the wandering orbs that leave the sky,

"Look they not brightest when about to fly

"The desolate spot they blest?"

SPIRIT! thou hast vanished now,

She hath yielded up her breath—

There's dust upon that thoughtful brow,

Those eyes are closed in death!

Proud hopes are smitten by decay,—

Genius hath past

Before the blast,

Bright things are swept away.

Hushed to us thy breathing lyre,

And mute its strain;

Nerveless now that touch of fire

To stir our hearts again.

Minstrel! oh! how quickly flown,
Yet though no ear
On earth may hear,
Is thy harp still at home?
Oh! sweet, amidst the angel throng,
Flows not thy thrilling strains along?

Spirit! we are wrestling here
With grief, and care, and woe—
And earthly sin, and earthly fear,
Our hearts may often bow;
But thou art safe, in home above,
From sorrow's storm,
From griefs to come,—
Saved by thy Father's love—
And bright thine eye and calm thy brow;
Spirit! thou art happy now!

And thou wert happy when the ray
Of passing life was dim;
The glories of a fairer day
Were dawning round thee then.
It spoke of faith—it beamed from Heaven,
The bright sweet smile
That played the while,
Till strength to weeping friends was given
To yield thee, yet with fervent love,
And sorrowing hearts, to God above.

Spirit! ah! how sad, how lone,
How void our hearts will seem!
How shall we weep for hours gone,
For scenes where thou hast been?
How often call to mind
Thy short and brilliant story,
Thy scarcely opened glory,
O'er which hath past the wind!

But how, in brighter hours, will come
The blest remembrance by,
That thou hast reached a happy home—
Art with the pure on high.
Departed! then shall we have power
To lay thee, like a morning flower
Of brightest hue,
And bathed in dew,
Upon the altar of thy God;
And owning meek his chastening rod,
Think of the conquest gained by thee,
And praise Him for thy victory!

L I N E S ,

Written on the closing of the Sunday School at St. Paul's Church,
Newburyport, 1829.

THE sun is setting, and his parting rays
Are lighting up the Temple of the Lord
With a rich radiance. They are pouring now
Upon the sacred altar, where they rest,
As if well pleased to beam upon the band
Now gathered there, of young hearts who have come
From conning the rich page of sacred lore,
And learning of the wondrous love of Christ,
To close this hallowed day by lifting up
Their youthful voices in the full response
Of "Glory unto God!" That when the sun
Goes down in splendor, as he felt the joy
Of finishing his journey with a smile,
They, too, may hear a soft and angel voice,
Light whispering to the heart, "thy duty's done."
It is a motley group, and curious eyes
Might find employment here, to mark the gaze
Of sobered thought—upon the brows of some

The smile of childhood sweet and innocent,
Yet hallowed in its very mirth—the wild
And dark, and flashing eye, that, half cast down,
Betrays some consciousness of holy time.
And is there one beneath this beauteous sky
Which God's own hand hath fashioned, who could look
Upon this youthful band, and curl the lip
Of cold and haughty scorn, to childhood's prayer?
Who never felt the fountains of his tears
Broke up within him?—who could never deign
To pray with us, and wish, oh! fervently,
For childhood's faith and pure simplicity?
May there be such? I know not: but I know
That he* whom God hath given us to watch
Over our souls, as he must give account,
And who is bidding us to hope in Heaven,
And place our treasure there, on whom all eyes
Are bent, with fond, yet reverent confidence,
Is not like such; for he would rather lead
The wandering, erring ones, and like his Lord,
Clasp to his heart each child, though ignorant,
And straying from the fold.

The prayer is done;
The echoes of the voices now have ceased, and eve

* Rev. Dr. Morse.

Is stealing fast, and we must leave this place,
This Holy Sanctuary ; yet we will not leave
The memory of this hour, but let it come,
A soft and twilight thought, to calm our hearts
When the wild 'wilderer dreams of youth will rush
Between our souls and God ; and then when Death
Shall come to us—for, as the glittering orb
Of day hath set and sunk, even so shall set
The sun of Life, and soon, to each of us,
All worldly things shall fade and pass away—
Then at no earthly altar shall we stand,
But bow before the Throne of God, and join
Our voices in blest unison with those
The glorious and the glorified, in Heaven !

L I N E S ,

Written on seeing a little Child at Church.

My eye gazed forth in the house of God
When a mingled crowd was there,
And many a head was lowly bowed
In deep and fervent prayer ;
It was a holy sight to see
Manhood and age bend down the knee.

More deeply yet, my heart was stirred—
A little child was there ;
I saw him clasp his tiny hands,
And half lisp out his prayer ;
Then lifting up his brow of love,
Gaze deeply on the sky above.

And as he gazed, an earnest trace
Of thought came o'er his brow,
Light shadowing his infant face ;
That dream ! oh ! could I know—
Perchance he thought in Heaven's blue
An angel's eye was looking through.

Aye, well it might, it was a scene
On which no mortal's eye
Could gaze, and he refuse to lean
The heart on Deity :
His seal on childhood brow so clear,
Would e'en have wrung from guilt a tear.

LINES

TO THE EAGLE.

PROUD'Eagle ! I wish that thy wings were mine,
To flee from this world of shadow and shine,
To soar from the mists that around me rise,
And only gaze on those pure blue skies :
To bend not at Folly's shrine again—
Look not to Earth, and scorn its chain,
Feel that my course must be onward ever,
And langour and doubt must stop me never.

Thy piercing eye ! it can fearless gaze
On yon bright Sun's most radiant blaze ;
Would that mine, too, thus undimmed, might see
God ! who my light and my truth should be,
He who will bend from his throne to hear
The erring wanderer's weakest prayer,
And gives to the spirit an impulse free,
Onward, and upward to soar, like thee !

O A LADY PREPARED FOR CHURCH.

COME ! Lady, come ! that form of thine
Hath long employed thy care,
And on thy brow unmarked by time,
Soft parts thy raven hair ;
Thy glass hath played a flattering part,
Yet was its tale of truth,—
And golden hopes hath thrilled thy heart
Of beauty and of youth ;
And with a softened light the while
Thy brilliant eye doth beam,
Yet beauty's pride hath caused the smile,
That bright but bland doth seem.

Oh ! saddened thoughts crowd o'er me
While gazing on thee now ;
Art thou prepared in humbleness
Before thy God to bow ?

I know that men would praise thee,
And thou would'st think it sweet
To hear the tone of flattery,
And lowly glance to meet :
And triumph would reign o'er that hour,
And thou would'st joy in beauty's power.

But Lady, who would gladly be
Bowing at Fashion's shrine,
Another place is meet for thee—
Another lot is thine !
To bend with holy men,
The heart and knee to Heaven,
And fervently entreat of God
Thy sins may be forgiven :
To meet thy heavenly Father there,
Lady ! for this thou should'st prepare !

This passing world will quickly flee,
Its vanities be gone ;
But may thy choicest treasures be
Safe in another home.

Then Lady, while the light of youth
O'er thee is shed,
May the angel wing of sober truth
Wave also o'er thy head :
And when thou dost prepare again
To seek the courts of God,
Oh ! pray that with a lowlier heart
By thee they may be trod.

LINES

ON THE CROCUS FLOWER.

THE knight was weary, the knight was worn,
And his thoughts were sad and dim,
When a fair young maiden was seen to pluck
A cluster of flowers for him.

She came to his door with a smile so soft,
And she called in a voice so low,
That the weary knight no heart had he,
To bid such a vision go.

But he looked on the lady so fair and bright,
And he looked on her gift of flowers,
Till a dream came back to his musing thoughts,
He had known in his happier hours.

And he smiled on the maiden's lovely face,
And he smiled on her eyes so blue ;
But a gleaming light from his dark eye warmed
Her cheek to a rose bud hue.

I have brought thee smiles, said the lady fair,
And she held up the saffron flowers,
May they beam as tokens of joy to thee,
A light for thy weary hours.

The knight looked long on her sunny brow,
And long on her hand so small,
Then he placed on his breast the proffered gift—
Sweet lady, must this be all ?

She who brings smiles to a weary man
Can alone bid bright smiles stay,
Oh ! lady fair ! I would win thy love
For ever upon my way.

Oh ! hope beamed bright in the knight's deep eyes,
And I heard the gossips tell
That the maiden blushed with the sweet surprise,
Yet feared to break the spell.

The wanderer gazed on her musing brow,
And held up the Crocus bright ;
Sweet lady, thy flowers are fair to me,
But thy smiles have a clearer light.

Oh ! he urged his suit with a lover's warmth
To a pitying heart they say,
For the maiden who brought him the Crocus flowers,
Smiled softly to light his way.

L I N E S,

On a little Blind Boy, who asked his sister if he should see in Heaven.

SISTER, you say the sun is bright,
His rays I cannot see—
You call the Earth illumed with light,
'T is sad and dark to me.

To you the blooming flowers are fair,
Their brightness I know not ;
None of the brilliant tints they wear
Hath ever reached my thought.

You talk of valued friends you see,
Of those who round me dwell,
Their kindly tones are dear to me—
Their looks I cannot tell.

You tell me of the Mountain's height,
Of the wave on Ocean's breast ;
Of stars which deck the quiet night
When the sun has gone to rest.

Hopeless and vain the task, yet still
To me you fain would show,
And with their forms my fancy fill—
Those forms I cannot know.

But I have often heard of Heaven,
Of its bliss and purity—
Sister, shall vision there be given—
There, shall the blind one see ?

If so, I will not mourn that all
Is darkness to my sight ;
For God may soon my spirit call
To another world, more bright.

L I N E S.

THOSE clouds are beautiful, the setting sun
Hath tinged them with a brightness that is fair
To look upon. His orb hath sunk to rest—
Yet round the edges lingering are some few
And fading rays, which take away the gloom
Of those *grey* clouds so lightly mixed with *blue* !
They seem so lovely in their mournfulness,
The soul is filled with sweet and pensive thought
While gazing on them, and is not
The world of Nature to the soul of man
Bound by *some* tie ?

Aye! are there not in life
Clouds just as deep and sad which gather round
Our pathway, and which cast upon the soul
Something more fair, more *holy* than the bright
And glaring daylight of prosperity? Something sad
Enough to throw a shadow on the brow

And dim the spirit, were it not that *He*,
Who is the Sun of Righteousness, is seen,
E'en through the cloud, and with his softened light
Hath cast a glory round it, till the heart,
All purified by suffering, is made .
Like to a temple, ever sending up
The voice of praise, the prayer of faith, to Heaven.

LINES,
ON FLOWERS.

Oh ! thou magic world of flowers,
Fairy ministers of grace,
Soothing all our weary hours,
Decking every lonely place
With a tinting bright and strange,
Glowing in a world of change.

Hidden links of some fair sphere,
Breathing of its hues of light,
Ye have holy spells and dear,
Ye have tokens for the sight ;
The spell of love, the voice of power,
May thrill us from a fragile flower.

Seek we an emblem of our dreams,
Of hopes we fondly hide ?
Behold ! the water lily gleams,
Half trembling on the tide ;
And once beneath the ploughshare wild
The mountain-daisy looked and smiled.

Thus should the cheek of beauty glow,
At tales too fond and true,
Twine ye the myrtle for her brow
With rose of brightest hue ;
And whisper that in Eastern bowers
They learn the POETRY OF FLOWERS !

THE SABBATH SUNSET.

How beautiful the light of sunset beams
Upon the world, and brings a holy calm
Unto the wearied spirit ! Must it pass,
This quiet twilight ? Yes ! for mark it now,
The last pale ray is fading from the skies—
And soon, too soon this hallowed day will flee,
And the world's toilsome, weary hours succeed,
Replete with care and bustling pageantry,
And all the turbulence of worldly thought,
From which the soul turns with a hopelessness
Of all relief, for she is fettered down
Unto this Earth's rude cares and vanities ;
And daily must she prove that all her joys
Are fleeting shadows, which elude the grasp
Of those who hope to clasp them—she now sees
That peace appears on Earth but in this day :
And as a hallowed calm is stealing o'er
The mind, she marks the gentle Sabbath light
Slow sinking in the west, now wholly gone :
And thus doth every thing we value most
Pass from the view, and leave the soul immersed
In wearying cares or vexing toils, from which
She *wishes, struggles* vainly, to be freed.

THE NEGLECTED FAVORITE.

"One dream of passion and of beauty more."—*Mrs. Hemans.*

THE beautiful Sultana

On a rose-tinged couch was lying,
With the pleasant summer zephyr
Through the open lattice sighing ;
But heedless of its fragrant gifts,
She wept—that queen of all—
For what to her the rose's breath,
And what the fountain's fall ?

And what the gems so richly bound
Upon her aching brow ?
The glories of the palace-home,
Its cold but dazzling show ?
Oh ! when was Woman's beating pulse
Stayed with a golden chain ?
When doth her heart forget to sigh
For that it sighs in vain ?

The beautiful Sultana !

Oh ! what were gems and flowers—
The treasures of an Eastern clime—
To charm those weary hours ?
To stop the flowing of those tears,
From the heart's fountain shed ?
But once, ere with its burning dreams
That heart's vain hopes have fled ;

But once, before our footsteps press
On to the "better land,"
Strong in our utter helplessness,
Led by His guiding hand ;
Blessing the day-star that arose
When Earth had grown so dim,
Blessing the pathway of our woes,
If tears might lead to Him !

"Oh ! lovely, lovely Georgian !
Within thy paradise,
One ray of holy truth would pale
Thy gems of countless price ;
And not then should we hear thy tone
Of thy faithless one complain—
Will he leave me yet so sadly lone,
Nor seek my smile again ?

"Must I still my heart through the weary day,
And wish for the sunlight's fall,
Chiding the slow-paced hours away,
A bootless task through all !
He came not then, and he comes not now,
From morn to the twilight's close :
Linger I yet o'er a broken vow ?
Cling still to a scentless rose ?

"I may not bear it longer,
This human life's dull course,
When a bitter love is stirring
At its very fountain's source :
I may not bear it longer ;
The heaven I sought is dim ;
And gems and smiles but mock the heart
Which only beats for him !

"Neglected, sad and dying,
The bulbul's note may tell,
My heart alone replying,
Of passionate farewell
To him, the loved, the light
Of all, the glorious sun,
Who once turned coldly from the crowd,
To shine on me alone.

"The sunlight of that smile
Hath lingered on me yet;
But other tones have won him—
My star of hope is set;
I may not bear it longer,
This weary, weary life,
Counting its sands that slowly creep,
Watching its fevered strife.

"Yea, let the poisoned arrow
One hand alone might speed
Be aided in its purpose now—
Who shrinketh from the deed?
I commend me to that hour
When the heart, long hushed, is heard,
And in pity for the flower
Our hand hath crushed, is stirred.

"I commend me to that hour
When memories dark *will* come,
And shadows from the Past *will* glide
Around thy palace-home:
I commend me—I commend me—
When the love is false thou seekest,
And thy heart, in search of constant faith,
A weary vigil keepst:

"I commend me—I commend me
 To the thoughts that will not part—
 To the ceaseless wish for sympathy—
 To the beating human heart ;
 I commend me—I commend me,
 But I leave thee, love, alone ;
 The stars will whisper of me,
 And the eve, when I am gone.

"And if across thy memory
 One dark regret hath swept,
 Or if one tear may yet be given
 For all that I have wept ;
 Remember, yearning heart like mine
 Is better far at rest,
 Than with its throbbing pulses stilled
 Upon a changing breast."

* * * * *

The beautiful Sultana !
 Her hand hath sent no token,
 Her lip hath breathed no more reproach
 To him whose faith was broken ;
 But silently upon her couch
 Again her form reclineth,
 While the glory of a Summer eve
 Once more around her shineth.

Once more the zephyrs wander in,
The open lattice through,
But fail to stir the silken tress
Of light and golden hue—
Fail, fail to make the pulses start,
Though him she loved is nigh;
For cold is now the beating heart,
And closed the beaming eye.

Aye! beautiful Sultana!
Thou may'st not greet him now,
Gazing upon thy pale, pale cheek,
Thy pure and sculptured brow;
Pouring out tears for trust betrayed,
With vain repentance rife,
Bringing the love unto thy grave
Which should have bless'd thy life.

THE STARS.

BEAUTEOUS Stars ! we see you when deep night
Hath cast her mantle round, shining afar
In the clear blue of Heaven ; our mortal eyes
Vainly attempt to reach where you are placed,
Pouring your radiant beams upon the world,
Now veiled in solemn twilight. Ye are gems
That sparkle brightly on the brilliant crest,
And glitter on the diadem of night.
How lovely is your light ! now sailing on
In the fair ether plains, and seeming proud
To shine so far above our world ; and yet
The soul of man can soar unto those heights,
And bear a knowledge of your system on,
And of the fetter on your motions thrown ;
Can tell us of your worlds—and that ye shine
For other purpose than to light this Earth
In the calm watch of night ; and that ye are
Far higher things than harbingers of thoughts,

Most pure and holy when the day is gone,
And all its bustle past, and man retires
For sober contemplation, and to think
Of Him, who shines the Sun of Righteousness !
Who lives for ever ! Our sun must fail,
Our earth must pass away, for it hath sinned ;
But shall ye pass away ? Shall ye not be
Ever the same as now ?—and are ye not
The home of beings pure as is the light
Of your own radiance ?

Oh ! none can know ;
For Fancy vainly tries, in search like this,
To arrive at Truth ; the Eternal Mind,
That caused these orbs to shine, alone can tell !

LINES.

"They depart—

Light after light, the glorious visions fade."—*Hemans.*

Let me die, mother! let me die—

I cannot meet the bitterness of life;

I cannot hear the tempest howling by,

Nor turn me from its strife.

How can I bear a pining heart by day,

Nor wish with coming shades to pass away?

Yea, mother, let me die!

For me life's golden vials all are broken,

And clouds, dark clouds, here overcast my sky:

Why need I farther token

Of all that future hours to me may bring?

Speak we of summer, when the buds of spring

Are blighted ? chilled by the untimely frost ;

Cut down in their fresh blossoming, to lie
Forgotten, withered ! Mother, all is lost !

Oh ! let me, let me die !

For what can win me in life's weary track—
What spell can give its early sweetness back ?

Dreams ! dreams ! their time is o'er :

Yet once they came—but oh ! how false and fading
Were the bright visions that allure no more !

And *how* they passed !—no passionate upbraiding
Bursts from these lips ; and now, alas ! how vain
For me to writhe beneath the wearing chain !

Soon shall I cast it off !—oh ! let me die,

Sweet mother ! there are fairer worlds than this
Where love ne'er changes, and the altered eye

Mars not our thoughts of bliss :
And those bright ones who taste the living streams,
Never forget : dear mother, in my dreams

I've seen that land, and pined till life grew cold

And dim—nay, chide not ! what am I to thee ?
A grief—yea, mother ! 'Twas not so of old
With the bright child who sported at thy knee,

nd gathered summer flowers, nor deemed that years
ould follow soon with bitterness and tears!

hath it been! would I could gird my heart

To bear it all for thee, to bide the blast;
at this is vain—I *know* that we must part,

And soon: I feel that life is waning fast!
cannot live!—the winged hours flit by:
h! yield me, gentle mother—let me die!

LINES,

Occasioned by seeing a Child write the word "*Dreams*," in
a careless manner.

DREAMS ! dreams, fair child ! what secret chord
Of thine beats at that magic word ?
To wearier hearts a token spell
Of hopes 't were madness now to tell
A word, to breathe a charm, to sigh
In sadness o'er when none are nigh.

Our early hopes ! devoid of fears—
Their bitter blight—our after tears—
The hidden fire that may not glow—
The secret griefs that none may know :
Youth's sweet romance, and visions gay,
Too fair to pass or fade away—
The shrine where we so madly knelt,
Nor in our blest delusions felt
The idol that we worshipped there,
Like all the rest, was false as fair.

Dreams ! dreams ! those words will wake the sage,
And thrill the flagging pulse of age—
Recall loved scenes, sweet memories fled—
The beautiful—the early dead !
They breathe again, they come once more,
Their loved steps echo on the floor ;
Their smiles are round us, every eye
Beams joy ! Again the dark curls lie
In beauty on the polished brow ;
Ah ! dreams must pass ; they vanish now !
We weep above the narrow tomb
That closes o'er their flush and bloom ;
And yet again the pulses thrill,
The power of dreams is with us still ;
We cannot dream that we are lone
In spirit, though the loved are gone,
And every fading cloud of even,
And every joy that breathes of Heaven,
And every flower they've loved or known,
Each brilliant scene, each music tone,
Soothes with sweet power the throbbing brain ;
They see, they feel, with us again !
Oh ! magic word ! with pleasures rife—
The charm, the poetry of life !
The watchword and the guiding tone
That leads the earnest student on,

When dimly burns his taper light,
And his worn spirit droops at night,
To see on Fame's proud future scroll
The guerdon of his lonely toil.

And yet delusion, what hath wrought
Such fearful wreck ? such sorrow brought
For after bitter hours and lone,
As listening to thy syren tone ?

LINES.

THE bark was on the wave, and far away
From home or friends, the last rays of the sun
Had crowned the billow and the white sail sought
A gleam of glory, while a deep calm sat
Upon the wearied waters—e'en the surge,
So wild and restless deemed, was silent laid
In pausing rest. It was a lovely sight
To mark it thus so beautiful ; and one
Within that proud ship felt its thrilling voice
Sink deep into his heart, and bring to mind
The vision of his home, his own green hilla,
Where he had loved to wander, and the thought
Of those who loved him there—the memory
Of *her* who had watched o'er his infant years,
And soothed his sorrows, and who then had taught
His heart deep lessons in that holy hour
When the bright sunlight fades : her well-known tones
Came floating o'er his soul, and caused the tear
Of deep, yet calm repentance ; he had felt

The bitterness of grief, for when the grave
Closed on that gentle monitor, his ear
Forgot her lessons, and in many a path
Of wild and wearying pleasure he had roamed
And found but sorrow, wayward thoughts had forced
His mother's image from his breast, and marred
The record there, till angel guardian forms,
Sent down from Heaven, shrouded in the veil
Of twilight, had restored it; and he felt
Hope springing in his heart that they should meet,
Freed from all earthly stain, in Heaven above,
Where lives the Father! He who hath ordained
The course of Nature, and so fashioneth
The human heart in mercy, that 'tis made
E'en by the *changing light, a better thing.*

DREAMS OF MEN.

THE bustle of the day is past—
Its labors now are done,
And night her quiet veil at last
Over the world hath thrown ;
And all mankind are hushed in sleep
In this still and solemn hour,
And every heart in slumber deep,
Owns Fancy's magic power ;
O that my spirit, then,
Could gather up each thought
Which fills the minds of men
When their cares are all forgot !

Warrior ! thy slumbering thoughts are now
Upon the field of death,
And proudly circled round thy brow
Is Victory's laurel wreath.

Vain hope ! can Glory's voice
Wake thee when in the tomb ?
Or shall the dead rejoice
In an immortal name ?

Manhood ! what is thy vision ?
Speaks it of power and fame—
Of proud deeds of ambition
Unsullied by guile or shame ?
Then follow up the strife
With equity and truth,
And surrender but with life
The high hopes of thy youth !

Miser ! thy dreams of treasure ?
Gold, gold is all thy thought—
But it shall pass away,
The wealth so falsely got ;
It shall be thine no more,
For it shall flee from thee—
Before thy dream is o'er,
Another's it shall be.

Maiden ! thy sleeping thoughts
Are on those dear to thee,
And high are all thy hopes
Of truth and constancy ;

Then wake not from thy sleep,
For falsehood thou must prove,
And thou must wake to weep
O'er the broken vows of love.

And thou upon whose brow
The mark of Time appears,
Whose waving locks of snow
Tells us of fourscore years ;
Thy thoughts have wandered back
Upon thy childhood's hours,
When life did seem to thee
A path all strewn with flowers.

And friends and forms that long
By stern death were laid low,
And wrecks of hopes now gone,
Are all before thee now !
Then slumber still, break not
The holy dream just given;
It will not come again
Until you wake in Heaven !

So dreaming world ! sleep on,
Till the approach of day,
Bringing its train of cares,
Will fright those thoughts away.

Night is an hour most blest,
And dearer than the dawn,
For it gives the spirit rest,
And strengthens it for morn ;
When vexing thoughts will come,
And dreams of peace depart,
And life by all be owned
A weariness of Heart !

THE DYING KNIGHT.

He lay on his bed of death,
That pale and drooping knight,
And heavily came his labored breath,
And his eye had lost its light;
The tone of his voice was weak and low,
As he called to his minstrel train—
“Have ye no songs that can cheer me now?
No lay for a troubled brain?
Breathe forth, breathe forth some round,
The notes will cheer my heart,
And my pulses leap at the merry sound,
And these burning dreams depart.
Quick! quick! thy strain, I say!”—
For the minstrel paused in fear,
Nor dared to wake the breathing lay,
When Death was hovering near.

But I read on the knight's high brow,
As a deep flush o'er it past,
That his was the heart with the mighty foe
To battle till the last,

And the minstrel marked his mood,
As a frown that brow o'erhung,
And poured forth a strain of the wild, wild wood,
Till the desolate chamber rung;
He sung of the stirring chase,
A lay well loved of yore,
But there came no smile o'er the warrior's face—
He could join in those sports no more;
The stern knight sighed—but the measure changed
To a careless note of glee,
As the winged thought of the minstrel ranged
O'er the haunts of joyance free!

He sang of the banquet hall,
Of the red, red wine they poured,
When that drooping knight took place of all
Who sat at the banquet board:
But the dying man loved less
Than of old, such minstrelsy,
And he spoke in his spirit's bitterness,
And chid them for their glee:

"Like the shadow on the stream,
Hath pleasure been to me—
A fevered hope—a troubled dream,
Of what might never be!
No more of vain delight
Sing to my aching brain;
But tell me of the tourney's sight,
And my heart will wake again."

Vain vision!—but the words
Fell on a willing ear,
And the minstrel's hand swept o'er the chords,
And the notes were high and clear;
And they pealed the battle-cry,
And called to the stirring fight,
Till the listener's heart throbbed painfully,
And his eye flashed wild and bright,
As he heard the martial strain
So loved in the days gone by,
When he mounted his barb for the battle-plain,
Where his penon floated high!
But sorrowing thoughts came home
To his heart, with days of yore—
'T was a fading light that had lured him on,
He could go to the field no more.

“ Away ! away from a dying man,”
He hath said “ with songs of war !
Can he lead on again the battle’s van ?
Can he call his host from far ?
Away ! his word is useless now,
His spear is laid in rest ;
Hath that wild harp no dearer flow
To soothe a troubled breast ?”

The minstrel marvelled at the change,
Yet swept his harp once more,
And soon a measure sweet and strange,
But softer than before ;
One that could soothe a heavy hour
Sad in its fervency,
Tell of the minstrel’s mighty power,
His burning touch and free ;
He sang of woman’s changeless faith,
Her love, that passeth show—
Surely, the dull cold ear of death
Might list that gentle flow.

But on the knight’s high brow
I marked dark shadows fall,
As the flattering accents uttered low,
“ A lighter thing than all—

Give me the hope of fame,
Or the wine cup's mantling glow—
The one, a star, will gleam the same,
The other, soothe my woe ;
But tell me not of love,
That bitter, bitter dream—
A light that shines so high above
We never see it beam !
Yet o'er my life's dark wave,
That passing light hath shone,
But oh ! the priceless love I gave
Was not the love I *won*."

The minstrel tried once more
A measure sweet and wild,
That a mother might sing at her cottage door
To soothe a wayward child ;
Sweet lyre, and pleasant words !
They bring the listener peace—
Oh ! strike again the sounding chords,
Such music may not cease ;
The dying knight hath heard
From his mother's lip that lay,
And gently is the Spirit stirred
That soon must pass away ;

A smile came o'er the pallid face,
A calmness on the brow,
His mother's love hath graved that trace,
All else is worthless now !

MUSINGS OF NATURE.

"I know not how the Eternal hand
"Has moulded Man ; but this I know,
"That when 'midst Earth's strange scenes I stand,
"Bright visions of a better land,
"Go with me wheresoe'er I go."—*Bowring.*

THIS world is beautiful ! I have gazed forth
Upon the scenes around me, till my heart
Hath kindled into transport.

The tall trees
Wave proudly their green branches, as the breeze
Sweeps lightly by ; and to the fanciful
And wayward mind, that lingering zephyr seems
As if in wanton mirth, was calling out
A different mood from each, to suit the names
That men would give them, were they living things.
The drooping Willow, bending gently down,
With its green drapery waving in the wind
So lightly, seems amidst its conscious grace

As it would claim humility. Opposed
To phrase like this, the lofty Elm rears up
Its head above its compeers ; and the Oak
Waves proudly by, the while the stately Lime,
With its green foliage, stands majestic there
Among its equals ; and the dark green leaf
Of the Horse Chestnut, shows contrasted well
Beside the light Acacia, with its white
And fragrant flowers, pouring on the air
Their sweet perfume ; while mingled with the hum
Of insect life, the rustling of the trees
Sounds musical, and the pleased ear needeth nought
To swell the harmony but the gentle rush
Of waters ; while the merry summer birds
Are singing 'midst the branches of the trees,
Thy minstrels, Nature ! And the summer flowers
Spring up beneath our feet. Does it not seem
As if the spirit must put off the stain
Of sinful feeling 'midst the pure, bright bloom
Of Nature, and resume for a brief time
Its pristine loveliness, as there lurked a spell
Of gentle power and truth 'midst Nature's charms,
That must have influence on the soul, to call
Its pure and lofty feelings back again
To their first source.

Perchance it may not be
Fitting for such a dreamer to relate
Her idle fancies, but wise men have thought
There was the image of a better world
Impressed upon our souls, and that His hand
Who fashioned us for a high destiny,
Stamped traces of that world upon our hearts,
And gave a dream of Heaven to the mind
To soothe it, 'midst the changes of the world,
With thoughts of bliss.

And thus the lovely things,
The flowers, the trees, the streams of this bright earth,
Give back the image faintly, for they bring
Links of the chain of beauty to our minds,
And thoughts of His perfections ;

Yea, at times

It seems as if upon the pleasant air
He shed the balm of peace, and to the flowers
Gave ministering gifts, and on the clouds
Stamped glorious hues, that we might feel our souls
Grow pure again.* There comes to me a tale
I heard and loved long since. An aged man,

* Vide Abercrombie's Intellectual Philosophy.]

Whose life had been a pilgrimage among
The bright scenes of the world,—whose steps had trod
'Midst Nature's charms from boyhood, felt at last
His hour drew on, and went to his own clime,
That he might die at home in peace. And there
He waited patiently for his Master's voice
To call him. Yet, in that short interval,
No cares of Earth disturbed him. All her tones
Had melted from his hearing; the rude toil
And labors of mankind, their petty griefs,
Their fearful crimes, the passion and the sin
That come to weak humanity, passed off
From his remembrance; but each holy scene,
Each beautiful view, and mount, and bending tree,
That he had seen and loved, came to him then
As vividly as life. He closed his eyes,
And all the gentle visions of his youth
Were glowing round him. Once again he gazed
On the soft glories of Italian skies,
Or knelt the placid lake that broke
Brightly upon his sight in some fair vale,
And plucked the flowers that grew along its banks;
Beautiful things were round him, and he lay
Entranced amidst their loveliness. The springs
Of memory moved in harmony, and gave
Nought but bright scenes, and blessed images;

The glorious tracery of clouds, the clear,
Deep blue of summer rivers, the green trees,
The bloom of brilliant flowers, and the full
And golden flow of sunset, all were his ;
And calmly would he tell his friends, the while
His eyes were closed, as if in sleep, how fair
The scenes around him ; and he thanked his God
For clearing thus away each ruder trace
Of memory's pencil, and 'midst gentle things
Ordained that he should die.

And thus it seemed
That these glad dreams were round him, that his soul
Might take their trace of purity, and be
Renewed to beauty, and the pure first love
Of his young spirit.

So then visions came
As tokens to him of a radiant world,
And he laid down upon the bed of Death
Calm as a child upon the flowery turf.

INVOCATION TO HOPE.

COME to me! come to me, gentle Hope,
Thou wanderer, wild and bright;
I've missed thee many a weary day,
No flowers have bloomed on my lonely way—
Come back, come back to-night!

Why must I linger thus?
At least, sweet spirit, bring
The vanished dreams, that long ago
Departed, with their living glow:
On Fancy's tired wing

Drop healing dew—again, again
On me thy beams to shed;
Give me, before I sink to rest,
Some gentle gleam, or vision blest;
Be thy light pinions spread

Around me: 't is a weary thing,
Youth stirring at the heart,
To tread a pathway dim and lone,
To hear no voices beckoning on;
To be 'midst throngs apart.

So hath my lot been long
By the dark waters cast;
But, gentle spirit, let me gaze
On future bright, unwritten days,
Effacing the dim past.

Come to me! come, blest Hope!
Though but in visions, come;
If not on life thy hues may shine,
The world of Dreams may yet be mine,
O'er that thy light be thrown.

Then may loved forms arise,
Kind smiles, and eyes of light,
Voices, like music soft and clear,
Lingering upon my ravished ear;
So may I greet the bright,

The sought, the beautiful, in dreams;
And thus, like the sweet night flower,*
Hiding its hues from the sister train,
The heart whose wealth would be poured in vain
Shall bloom at the midnight hour!

* The Night-blooming Cereus.

ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT SLAVE.

NIGHT drew her darkening curtain round the faintly glowing west,

And gave to every weary slave the precious boon of rest ;
But the mother sat by her infant's couch, and the spell
of sleep was vain,

While her thrilling heart bore strongly up her worn and feeble frame.

She sat, a mother's watch to keep, beside her dying boy,
With heart too highly raised for grief, too darkly sad
for joy,

She sat to see the flame of life in early morn go down,
Ere years might dim its purity, or cloud the light that
shone.

She sat to see the spirit pass away, unstained and free,
Ere it had learnt how bowed by wrong its loftiness
might be ;

To mark the closing lid seal up in Death's undreaming
trance

The eye that never yet had quailed beneath oppression's
glance.

Nor wept she that the feeble plant, which might in evil
hour

Be crushed on earth, in fairer climes would blossom to
a flower ;

Nor yet that he, whose lot would be to bend before the
rod,

Should from the proud oppressor's power be sheltered
by his God.

It was not meet that she should weep beside that couch
of pain,

What gift had years to offer him, but Slavery's galling
chain ?

Oh ! blest to soar so soon away, and blest this hour of
strife—

How beautiful thy touch, oh ! Death ! when it awakes
to life !

Yet when from human hearts are rent away their music
strings,

And all their sweetest, purest founts, are turned to bitter
springs ;

When poisoned all the waters are, and ruined all the
chords,

Then swells up in the secret soul a grief too deep for
words.

And oh ! how bitter is the fate that seals the mother's
eye

To tears, when she must calmly stand and view the loved
one die !

How fervently the heart will cling to life's sole single
link—

How strongly Nature's voice will plead, e'en on the
eternal brink !

The fearful hour is drawing on, her watchful eye can
trace

The solemn mystery on the brow, the death hue on the
face ;

That signet seal—that awful calm, which tells us that
the dead

Have opened to a burning scroll no living eye can read.

'T is over—on the sea of life his bark shall ride no more,
He hath soared from earthly mists away, to a bright
celestial shore ;

But mother, it would calm thy wild and fearful sorrowing,
To see him before the holy throne, as he waves a seraph's
wing !

REFLECTIONS

IN A THUNDER SHOWER.

FATHER ! thy voice is thrilling on my ear—
The deep toned thunder ! Shall my spirit quail
Before its might ?—and yet, in gentle hour,
Garner its trust on thee ? Shall I draw nigh
In summer time of beauty to thy throne,
And fear the storm that speaks alike of thee ?
No ! for a dearer revelation comes
Upon me ; in the storm I know thy face,
I hear thy tones, and in the thunder peal,
Crashing the clouds asunder, *feel* thee there !
For the high God—this fearful One who holds
The winds within the hollow of his hand,
Whose voice controlled the mighty seas, and yet,
Whose touch impressed upon my soul a trace
Of his own power, and kindled there a spark
Of his own glory.

Lo ! the lightning's streak
Glances by vividly. Oh ! comes it not
A special messenger, from the bright throne,
To awake the dreamer man ?—to call his soul
Out from its idols ?—to cast off the chains
Life weaves around it, and for one brief space
Awe to their native littleness the toys
That men will cling to, as their broken reeds
Were surety to him ? Shall I shrink away
From thy voice then, whose heart so oft is sick
Of its own selfishness, and the poor play
That cheats mankind, the all absorbing thoughts
Of earthliness that chain the Spirit down ;
The petty temptings and the fearful crimes
That come to weak humanity ; the load
Of sin we bear, the thoughts we struggle with,
The passion that o'ercomes us ?

Shall I dread
To hear thy voice upon my Spirit, then,
And turn me from thy thunder ? No ! its tone
Comes as a blessing to me. It wakes up
The springs of lofty thought—I feel myself
No more a slave, at the dark shrine of self ;
No longer linked to Earth, but as I were
A disembodied spirit by thy throne.

And when the mood is over, when thy voice
 Hath ceased its fearful warning, and the Earth
 Again looks beautiful—when every tree
 Lifts up its head, as if it had received
 A gift of life—when sunset paints the clouds
 With glorious hues—when the bright birds again
 Pour forth their souls in music; I can feel
 Ever amidst the balmy air, as if
 My spirit had held converse with its God,
 And learnt its origin; and when my heart
 Again grows dull and earthly—when thy voice
 Of truth falls idly on it, and my thoughts
 Sweep on in youth's wild current—I shall thirst
 To hear that thunder, love its echo more
 Than gentlest music.

LINES,

Written on seeing a Leaf spring out from a slip of Rose.

FRAIL stem! that leaf wakes a happy thought,
Thou art not doomed to fade!
That germ doth promise a better lot,
Like the sunbeam through the shade;
Hope o'er thee sheds her happy light,
Whispering of future beauty bright.

And Fancy paints thy future bloom,
Thy fragrance and thy glow,
As if no chilling blight might come
To lay thine honors low;
To sweep with power o'er thy head,
And place thee with the silent dead!

Uncertain Hope! thy witching charm
A wildering gleam doth cast,—
Lightening the heart as the sunbeam warm,
Then shrinking from the blast.
And deep and strong thy power, to bring
So many thoughts from so frail a thing.

One single leaf! how many a heart
Hath clung to a hope as slight,
Feeling each chord within them start,
At the thoughts of their visions bright;
Then wept, in vain and bitter grief,
O'er their reckless trust, their ruined leaf!

LINES

WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

Be thine the lot to lie down at night
With a spirit as calm, and a brow as bright,
And a heart from sin as free
As the pilgrim's, who, walking the livelong day
In the path where her Saviour led the way,
Wished not in her heavenly course to stray,
At night should ever be !

THE DYING SLAVE.

The following lines were written after hearing the history of a poor Slave, on one of the Southern plantations.

There were two brothers, both of whom were so devotedly attached to each other, that the planter dared not separate them. Avarice at last overcame his scruples; he sent one of them into the country, and during his absence sold his brother, who was carried into another section of the country. When the poor Slave returned, and knew it, he sickened, and *died* of a broken heart.

TREAD lightly! for the wearied hath lain down
On his hard couch to rest—the tired slave
Waits now for his release. Soon Death will come
To save him from the bondage of the proud,
To break the fetter that confined him here,
To give his spirit freedom.

Gaze thou now

Upon this couch, and marvel for the cause
That bowed his form robust, that dimmed his eye,
Sickened his heart, and made it turn from life;
Gaze now, and learn how sorrow can lay waste
The heart of man—how grief can dry the spring
Of human life—how, when the unsealed fount

Of warm affection must flow back again
To its own source, and there conceal itself,
Deep bitterness is with its waters blent;
How pines the lone in loneliness! Poor Slave!
The record of such grief is writ on thee;
Sad hath thy being been to thee for years,
In blessings poor, compared with other's lot,
Yet one star shone for thee. The orphan slave
Had still one voice of love to cheer him on—
One gem was thine; but Avarice plucked away
That sole possession—left him desolate!
Gaze then upon this couch, and through thy tears
Smile with a bitter triumph at the poor,
The feeble impotence of grasping Man.
How gladly would he stay this parting breath;
Father of Heaven! thou dost o'er rule his wish—
All are thy children; but thine eye of love
Looks down still more benignantly when grief
Hath bowed the spirit—when the captive pines
In lone imprisonment—when the oppressed
Are laid in dust before the proud of Earth,
Then doth their plaintive moan ascend to thee—
Then dost thou succor them; and the appeal
Of the enslaved hath now come up before thee—
Thou, thou wilt free him; soon thy Messenger
Will disenthral his spirit.

Death is sad

When he would take the beautiful who rise
Around our paths to bless us, and who make
Our life a dream of light. The gifted ones
Whose visionary eyes behold each cloud
Decked gloriously, who on the future look,
The changeful future, with a heart of hope—
Who, in their buoyancy of spirit, seem
To bear about a talisman of power,
Before whose touch the sorrows and the cares
That might dim other pathways would disperse:
But when Death comes to the poor, injured slave,
He wears an angel's form—his touch is blest,
For doth it not cast off the heavy chain
Beneath whose galling pressure the enslaved,
Even in soul, was bowed? Oh! is not Death
An angel visitant beside this couch?
Is not an hour of brightness drawing nigh?
Flee, Spirit! flee from this dark world away,
Where man hath bowed down his immortal mind
To treat of earthly things; where man hath
Dimmed his spiritual eye with the thick mists
Of avarice.

Where, Oh! tell me, where
Is now thy brother? Far away from thee!
He will not close thy aching eyes in sleep—

He will not see thee more ; e'en now, perhaps,
The sun is streaming hotly on his head,
While toiling at his daily task for one
Who cannot walk abroad in his own fields
With light and easy heart, who will not lift
The eye of gratitude to Heaven and thank
His God for the rich harvest.

Let me gaze
Upon thy wasted form, to feel how full,
How deep, the curse of gold unjustly gained,
With blood polluted.

Life is passing fast—
Thou art upon its verge—thou hast leaped o'er ;
The wearied hath lain down his heavy load—
The chain hath grown a mockery to the slave—
The bond is broken. Spirit ! thou art free !

A MOTHER'S LAMENT

OVER HER CHILD.

I COULD not think him dying,
 Though they told me so again,
And his voice, to mine replying,
 Was never mute till then ;
Yet the shades of death were stealing
 Fast o'er the brilliant eye,
To all, but me, revealing
 The bitter change so nigh.

But I, deluded, heard no sound,
 Except what stirred from him,
And, wondering, gazed on all around—
 Why were these eyes so dim ?
And him I loved, why urged he then,
 In such a soothing tone,
For me to quit that couch of pain,
 And leave him there alone ?

Why did he check my look of joy
With gesture sad and wild,
When on the features of my boy
I saw a beaming smile?
And bent me down its flight to track,
Kissed, caught it while it shone,
And felt the rich, sweet lips, give back
The pressure of my own.

His parting kiss!—then quietly
He laid—I thought he slept;
They saw my hopes, and silently
Turned from the couch and wept!
But quickly, then, deep words of fear,
From lips I loved were said,
They thrilled upon my startled ear—
Oh, God! our child is dead!

Dead!—dead! I started from my trance—
My beauteous one! my own!
Had I, then, lost his sparkling glance—
Was I indeed alone!
I gazed upon his clustering hair,
I touched his polished brow;
This was waved lightly by the air,
And that was marble now.

I sat beside the couch of him
 Who woke that morn in gladness ;
Yes, ere the sunset's light was dim,
 I watched the dead in sadness :
He who was wild with childhood's mirth
 At morn, among the flowers,
Had faded, like our hopes of earth,
 Before the evening hours !

And yet I sought with fervent faith,
 From Him who sits in heaven,
That his own gracious hand would bless
 The sorrows he had given ;
And prayed, that while my child should lay
 In death, so softly fair,
I might have strength by him to stay,
 And watch his slumbers there.

I placed young flowers of purest glow
 Within his lily hand,
And wished that when I came to go
 Forth to the "better land,"
I might depart as peacefully
 As him who rested there,
Unsullied as e'en a flower could be,
 Fallen asleep in prayer.

* * * * *

Oh ! many days have glided now,
Since first I felt his loss,
Or learnt with perfect heart to bow
Before the holy cross ;
Nor should I tell this grief to-day,
Or breathe it in my song,
But that the parting words I say
May be remembered long.

The heart that to its idols clings,
Will have them torn away ;
But she a sorrowing mind who brings,
Upon God's shrine to lay,
Will feel the gift of peace come down,
Like dew, from the Eternal Throne,
Whispering, that past his earthly home,
A brighter is beyond !

L I N E S,

—————"Fancies, like
Bright but delusive stars, came wandering by me."—*Berry Cornwall.*

LONELINESS ! loneliness !

How dear unto the struggling soul thou art,
Which all its burning fancies must suppress,
And tamely con o'er Life's allotted part,
Instead of wandering by the running streams,
And pouring out its world of unshared dreams
Unto some answering heart.

Loneliness ! loneliness ! the very sound

Takes from my thoughts away life's coiling chain,
Bringing the sweetest spells of Hope around,
Till I forget how useless all and vain,
For one like me, the sigh, the burning tear,
The yearning wish for kindred spirits near—
For all as yet unfound.

Loneliness ! loneliness ! art thou not dear ?

A bright-robed vision to my fancy seeming,
Calling me out from Life's unfriendly sphere,
Pointing to light o'er its dark waters gleaming ;
Calling me from them all—the gay, whose smiles
But mock my spirit with unnoted wiles,
And come not to the palace of my dreaming.

Loneliness ! loneliness ! again thou bringest

The worshipped forms that earth may know no more ;
Sweet changes upon Memory's harp thou singest ;
I greet the smiles whose light for me is o'er ;
And the bright trust of that unshadowed love
Which now hath sought its kindred home above,
Doth bless me as of yore.

Vain dream ! but oh ! how sweet

To call the bright, the lost, around our way !
Once more, though but in fancy, yet to meet
The love that bless'd us from life's earliest day ;
Once more—once more, forgetting Death's dark close,
Within its sheltering arms to seek repose—
Why pass such dreams away ?

Oh ! loneliness ! thy potent spell is broken,
When with an unsoothed grief the heart is filled ;
How vain then proveth even Memory's token
To weeping eyes, till Faith that heart hath stilled,
And through His grace who guides our wandering feet,
We trust again the blest of Earth to meet,
And share with them His perfect joys unspoken.

LINES.

EVENING THOUGHTS.

Why is it that the evening brings
The dreams from which I fain would flee,
Recalling all the cherished things
So vainly loved by me ?

Why is it with its fading light,
Come visions lingering yet—
Dreams of the beautiful and bright
Of all I must forget ?

Why is it that my thoughts recall
Each scene and gentle tone ?
Fond Memory now should cast her pall
O'er joys for ever flown.

Why is it that the busy day
With all its varied care,
Hath power alone my heart to stay,
And hush its vain despair ?

While yet its sunshine brings no light,
Its merry tones no glee,
Oh ! pleasant day and soothing night,
What were ye once to me ?

Why waste I thus in idleness,
The spirit's golden bloom ?
Away ! away with loneliness !
I will not weep so soon.

Fade ! swiftly fade, ye bitter dreams—
Flow on ye silent hours,
Bring me a joy in the sun's glad beams,
A heart for the opening flowers.

LINES
ON MOONLIGHT.

Written after a conversation with ——— on the influence of the Moon.

LET moonlight gild the lofty towers,
And on the dancing waters play,
Till every sleeping glade and bower
Has caught its silver ray ;
O'er holy spire and distant dome,
Still must I gaze with tearful eye—
Away ! for forms come thronging nigh,
And former scenes too loved, too dear,
Rise softly through the atmosphere ;
Yet, mingled with the thought of pain,
That these I ne'er may see again !

My native home ! my native home !
At a deep hour like this,
How the reluctant tears will come
With thoughts of early bliss ;
And all the past—the unrevealed—
The faded hopes—the fountain sealed !

My own blue river ! o'er thy tide,
 Oh ! softly now the moonbeams glide,
 And every bending tree is seen
 Reflected in the silver sheen,
 While the deep silence of the air
 Moves the pure heart, like Nature's prayer !

No more to me of moonlight tell,
 While here afar I roam,
 My heart is saddened by its spell,
 And seeks its earlier home ;
 For thoughts will rush, and feelings glow,
 I may not, dare not cherish now !

But when the morning's sun shall fling
 Its streaming radiance round,
 And Nature's sweetest minstrel sing,
 And wild flowers from the ground
 Spring up, to show the gifts of God
 Are sprinkled over every sod,
 Discourse again of beauty seen
 Where'er his forming hand hath been ;
 And earnest tone shall answer thee,
 From a heart that joys with the singing bee,
 But turns from bitter thoughts by day,
 Lest the strength of the soul should pass away !

LINES.

WHERE IS THE PLACE OF WOMAN?

WHERE is the place of Woman? In the gay
And lighted hall, where fashion holds her court—
Where heartless throngs are meeting, and the fine
And delicate chords of feeling may not breathe
Their music out upon such "desert air,"
Where all the gentle sympathies, that make
This earth a blest abode, and shed perfume
Upon the hallowed atmosphere of home,
Are banished from the scene, and pleasant words
Are turned to mockery by the careless lips
That give them utterance? I looked on one
Whose mirth was heartlessness, and joyous throngs
Were gathered round her waiting for her smile.
Her's were admiring glances, flattering tones,
Yet breathed there up no incense from the heart,
In those glad words, to bless her. Her whole life
Seemed like a dream of starlight radiance,
Where, 'midst the sparkling brilliancy, no ray

Of warm and pleasant influence is shed
To cheer the wanderer. What availed the mirth
And outward splendor round her, when her heart
Was sad and restless?—when a still voice spoke
In every place? “This is not happiness.”
Thus was her life a semblance—a deceit.
There was another; but a meeker grace
Rested upon her forehead, and her smile
Was bland in tranquil pensiveness. She seemed
A stranger and a pilgrim, who had turned
From all the desert streams of earth away,
And sought a purer fount, whose crystal wave
Flows free, a holy unction for the sons
Of sorrow—for the heavy laden, rest;
A healing gift to all—yea, all who come
To that bright fount are purified; the cares
And vexing storms of earth, its vanities
Are stripped of all their power, for the voice
Who calmed the turbulence of the wild wave
Hath spoken, “Peace, be still.”

This was the spell
That hung around the mourner, she who past
On her blest mission to the poor abode
Of silent suffering, and with the gift of love
To cheer the sorrowing.

The Summer air

Vainly to that lone place brought all its balm
And pleasant odors, these could not bring back
A healthful hue to the pale, faded cheek
Of the sick boy, who pined there ; vainly looked
Glad in their blossoming, the summer flowers,
To cheer the blind, he could not see their hues,
His eyes were sealed to beauty ; yet sweet thoughts
Of their remembered loveliness would come,
And waft his fancy to that pleasant time
When he could see their colors, love their hues.
That time was past for ever ; but his smile
Of patient resignation, and his tone,
Sweet in its low breathed earnestness, would tell
That he is happy, though his doom is grief—
That he has riches, though his lot is low ;
For his, I ween, that ornament which is
Of priceless value in the sight of God,
A meek and quiet spirit. And I thought,
While gazing on his calm and quiet brow,
Though all the buoyancy of youth was quelled,
That deeper charms hung round him—that of such
Would be the heavenly kingdom.

By his side

Sat one, whose weary lot it was to know
How sick the heart can be, when the bright things

Are in their fairest summer dress ;
How, 'midst its growing loveliness, the soul
Will turn away in bitterness, when grief
Is hidden in its deep recess uncheered.
Pale was the Mother's cheek, but on her brow
Was set a seal, which told the spirit high
Had conquered all—care, restlessness, and woe.
Upon her ear, the voice of sympathy
Fell like a tone of music, a quick flush
Past o'er the sick one's face to hear the tread
Of their familiar visitor, who knelt
Beside his couch, and told in soothing tones
Of a bright land above, where every eye
Becomes unsealed to beauty, where the sick
Awake to health and buoyancy again—
A blest "continuing city," where no sun
Beams its fierce lustre on the head, for God
Becomes the light thereof.

And by his throne
Flows a pure, crystal river, by whose side
The tree of Life in deepening verdure blooms,
Whose leaf can never wither. She hath told
That when his weary spirit shall put off
Its earthly burden, he shall stand beside
The throne of God and tune a seraph harp.

Thus did she linger by the dying child,
Cheered by no tone of flattery from a world
That recked not of the action, but her heart
Was filled with calm and holy happiness ;
And when she past away, and heard his tone
Of murmured thankfulness, a gentle voice
Rose up from her soul's solitude, and called
That hour most blest Oh ! then I looked and felt
How beautiful, in such abodes, the feet
Of her who brings good tidings !

FRAGMENTS.

ALMOND TREE, . . . POETICAL ILLUSTRATION.

YEA, give it unto me, my hopes have been
Like the frail blossoms of the Almond tree,
Touched by the frost, unfolding to the spring,
Yet brightened in their hue by misery.

COWSLIP, . . . ATTRACTIVE GRACE.

Sweet lady! let this floweret be
An emblem to my heart of thee,
And in its beauties let me trace
Thy winning charms and native grace.

ROSE, ... LOVE.

Oh! sweetest, sweetest Rose,
Must we not give to thee
The meed, all flowers above,
Since, when thy leaves uncloze,
They breathe of *Love*!

HEATH, ... SOLITUDE.

Oh! when my gleam of sunshine
Hath left Life's troubled sea,
Then lowly be my future course—
What light may shine for me?

THE WHITE VIOLET, ... DELICATE SENTIMENT.

I'll think upon it—why should I
In haste my love declare?
Did ever maiden's ready sigh
Thus answer lover's prayer?

I'll think upon it—let me keep
This white and simple flower,
Till Love shall waken from his sleep,
To thrill me with his power.

WHITE JASMINE, ... ELEGANCE.

From the light of day concealing
Charms, like lady fair,
Jasmine buds are now unsealing
Fragrance on the air.

LINES,

Written on seeing a Child studying one Summer Evening.

AN UNFINISHED PIECE.

THE bee hath folded up his wing,
He is sleeping in his cell,
And the summer bird hath ceased to sing,
Touched by a sweeter spell.

And gentle visions play
Around their pillow blest,
When joyfulness and day
Have gladly sunk to rest.

And the evening star is bright,
But there shines alone for thee,
Yon glimmering taper's sickly light,
O'er *wisdom's* treasury.

History hath spread before thee
Her broad revealing page,
And a magic spell breathes o'er thee
The spirit of that age,

Whose glory now is fled—
E'en as a vision gone;
While memory o'er the silent dead
Keeps her high watch alone.

Thine, too, it is to mark
The wonders God hath done,
In Nature's deep philosophy,
His hand to trace, alone.

Then let the bee go sleep,
And the summer bird cease to sing,
Thy spirit an active watch must keep,
Nor idly droop its wing.

A FRAGMENT.

A LADY of the olden times—

Aye, these are fitting words,
A tribute meet for her whose lyre
Doth stir the spirit's chords—

A lady of the olden times,
Her's was a glorious heart,
Beating from all Life's measured chimes
And paltry cares apart.

Joying where knightly lances gleamed,
Where the glittering steel flashed bright,
And the warrior's eye with rapture beamed
In the song ennobled fight;
Joying where'er the minstrel poured
His free strain high and clear,
A triumph at the victor's board,
A dirge beside his bier.

Joying in legends old and dim,
The stately and the true,
For martial song and vesper hymn
Waked dreams of glorious hue ;
The battle-field, the tournament,
Were pictured to her eye,
And her country's banner waved once more
Beneath a Syrian sky.

FRAGMENTS.

BRIGHT tales for thee
In after years,
Thou shalt know no grief,
Thou shalt shed no tears ;
Fame, power, shall fling
O'er thy name a glory ;
But softer from thy heart will rise
A happier story.

TO ———.

A gentle strain of harmony
When silent stars are shining,
Shall float upon thy ravished ear,
He who will touch the lute is here,
So, lady, no repining !
But wake to-night,
When stars are bright,
See thy lover by their light.

TO ———.

And thou art loved! be careful of the heart
That rests on thee its world of happiness—
Make not the eye to droop beneath the fringe
Of its dark lashes; on that gentle brow
Write no pale traces, stray not from her path,
Throw not that jewel from thee, that proud kings
Have pined for vainly—the pure gushing love
Of a young heart,—so shalt thou find peace.

TO L——.

And thou, thou shalt dwell
In the forest's bower,
With the forest's roaming child;
Thou shalt sleep on his breast
As the lily flower
On a lake in the trackless wild.

FOR E——.

“Beauty around the beautiful!”
Thy dwelling shall be bright,
No hours for thee be dark and dull,
But eyes of gentle light

Charm all thy sadder thoughts away,
 Thy dreams of loneliness,
 Till thy heart reflect the ray
 Of heartfelt happiness!

TO A STUDENT.

Mind not the wasting oil,
 When thy midnight taper burns,
 For all thy care, for all thy toil,
 Thou shalt reap glad returns..

ENDURING FRIENDSHIP.

It will wait,
 Yea, pause for years, before it dares to creep
 To the embraces of the lonely tower,
 Or storied pillar; but once twining there,
 It clings for ever, with its rich, green wreath
 Smiling against a sullen sky.

LINES

ON RELIGION AND VIRTUE.

COPIED FROM "DOMESTIC HAPPINESS PORTRAYED."

Oh! why doth happiness so often flee
From the high dome, where pomp and power dwell?
Oh! why, when all around breathes but of glee,
Does the sad heart alone of sorrow tell?
And why so oft doth pleasure's votary
Count out his bitterly repentant tears,
While he, whose seeming lot is misery,
Wears a calm brow, and feels unmoved by fears?

'Tis not their outward circumstance and lot
That gives men joy or sorrow; thine the power,
Oh! Virtue! to shed calmness o'er each thought;
And thine, still more, to cheer the drooping hour,
Holy and blest Religion!—and impart
A pure, awakening influence—thy voice
Can soothe the sorrowful, revive his heart,
And teach the weary wanderer to rejoice;
Pointing to bright and glorious worlds to come,
Where he will find a welcome and a home.

How holy is thy light ! how glad its beam
In hours of darkness ! nor in those alone—
Oh ! bright its cheering radiance can stream
O'er the peasant's cot, the monarch's dome.
Bright, too, can gild each low sequestered vale,
And in life's desert flow a living spring
To those who seek for peace, whose humble tale
Might to the proud nor mirth nor pleasure bring
Whose labors all are shared, whose hearts attuned
To mutual harmony are thankful too ;
Though low their way, yet flowers have in it bloomed ;
Their life obscure, yet bright hath been its hue.

Blest, too, such influence, where want and care,
With all their wretched train of ills, are found,
Where joyless hearts would sink in wild despair,
Did not religion shed sweet peace around,
And virtue gird each suffering soul with might,
Patient to bear the worst. Oh ! it does seem
At times, as if, through tears, the rainbow light
Of mild religion doth the brighter beam,
Such peace it gives ; yea, so abides it there,
The house of want is changed to house of prayer—
A temple where the living God is praised,
Man's heart subdued, his immortal spirit raised.

Of, too, with hallowed ray, it lights the fire
That in the parent's breast intensely burns,
Blending its peace with every fond desire,
And cherished hope that to its idol turns ;
Or soothing, with its quiet tone and calm,
The restless love that wildly looks beyond
The present day, and paints in colors warm .
The varied fortunes of that youthful throng,
Who with glad sunny eyes, and glowing cheeks,
And thoughts of innocence are clustered round,
To seek the approving smile that ready speaks—
How thrills the mother's heart at every sound !

Oh ! how, without the aid of virtue firm,
Could guardians fond fulfill the duty given ?
Or by thy guiding star unblest, how learn,
Oh, piety ! to rear these souls for heaven ?
And how would fervent love, with aught save tears,
Behold this gathered throng so new to life,
Buoyant with hope, and paint the varied fears,
The sufferings they must meet, their daily strife,
Till each full heart be wrung to agony,
And wearied, worn, would fling existence by ?
Far be the thought ! Oh virtue ! let thy spell
In every trial guide the loved ones on,
Whilst thou, religion, through the gloom may'st tell
Of better and of brighter worlds beyond.

Oh ! well the parent's heart with joy may glow
To see their opening promise—thrill with fear
To think how slight a blast may lay it low,
Quenching all hopes in darkness sad and drear.
Oh ! who hath marked a summer cloud at even,
And of its future form could true have spoken ?
Though bright its hue, such cloud may soon be driven,
An altered thing, away, and leave no token.

Such, such is hope, uncertain—let the eye
Of faith look up to heaven—but list ! and hear
Yon soft and gentle voice—'tis floating nigh,
Like one in earnest prayer ; the world's rude ear
Marks not the pleading ; neither could it bless
The mother's heart, who now hath raised to heaven
Her humble spirit, and in loneliness
Prays fervent for her child. The zephyr breathing
Hath stirred the light, loose curls upon his brow,
Yet he is still. That soft and silvery tone
Breaks not his slumber ; deep his mother now
Prays truth may guide, religion cheer him on
In after years—list ! now her prayer is done—
Oh ! rose it not like incense to thy throne,
Holy and heavenly Father ? Thou hast given
The aid of virtue, lit religion's light,
That cheers the soul when worn and tempest-driven
Over life's sea, and gilds the darkest night .

With glorious hope ; e'en at the dying hour
A pure and holy peace its ray can shed.
Yes ! even there its voice with thrilling power
Can cheer the mourner, weeping for the dead ;
And when all friends forsake her, soothing say,
God hears her prayer, and God will be her stay.

Religion ! in such scenes as this we see
Thy power. Virtue ! here thy force we know ;
Here, here must seek as nature's votary
Enters the forest deep, and parts each bough,
That, crossing, hides the beauty of the scene ;
Then lists the music of each stirring leaf,
And marks each flowering plant, each blade of green
That lightly bends before the zephyr's breath
In nature's living temple. So should we
Look through each humble vale and quiet spot
Of varied life, and mark through joy and tears
How bright Religion gladdens every lot,
And points afar to high and glorious spheres
Where earthly sorrows cease—and then prepares
The soul for those abodes, sets free from sin,
From earthly thralldom, and through grief and cares
Yields firm support, yea ! wakes a heaven within !

EARLY FUGITIVE PIECES.

THE FORTUNE TELLER.

THERE'S an ancient dame with a wrinkled brow,
With a haggard look and a tottering walk,
And for aught I know, she is wandering now,
While many are stopping to hear her talk ;
For she tells the fortune of every man,
As, shaking her head, she streaks his hand.
Perhaps she lives where the sybils dwell,
Or learnt of them her art ;
But this is more than I can tell,
And she will not impart
Where she her wondrous knowledge drew,
To cynics, such as I or you.
When first we met her, she had bent her way
To where the school-house stood ;
It was the welcome time of play,
And she knew the scholars would
Gladly leave each lighter thing,
To form round her the magic ring.

Then Destiny ruled o'er the hour,
For the fates of those were told
Who trusted to her power,
And crossed her hand with gold;
And they believed that care or woe
Would not be theirs—she told them so.

Ah ! could you have seen her then,
What might you not have been ?
Something beyond my ken,
And married to a king,
Possessed of fame, of wealth and glory—
A lucky ending to my story !

H Y M N,

For Children in a Sunday School, at the close of day.

FATHER, now thy children see,
Listen to their prayer ;
May their praises rise to thee
With the morning air.

They come, while yet the flower
Of life but half is blown,
To pray its opening hour
May dawn for thee alone.

The dew is on the leaf
As they lay upon thy shrine ;
May the bloom and fragrant breath
Of the offering be thine !

Be it guarded by thy care,
That when even-tide draws on,
Nor spot nor stain may mar
The purity of morn.

Oh ! not upon its bud
Be thy mercy poured in vain ;
But the teachings of thy love
Fall like the gentle rain.

FOR THE SAME.

THE sun is in the west,
How brightly glows his beams!
How broadly, ere he sinks to rest,
He throws his parting gleams!

Then Father! hear us now,
That when our day is done,
A smile like his be on each brow,
As a welcome from thy throne!

THE END.

